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AUGUST 24, 1971

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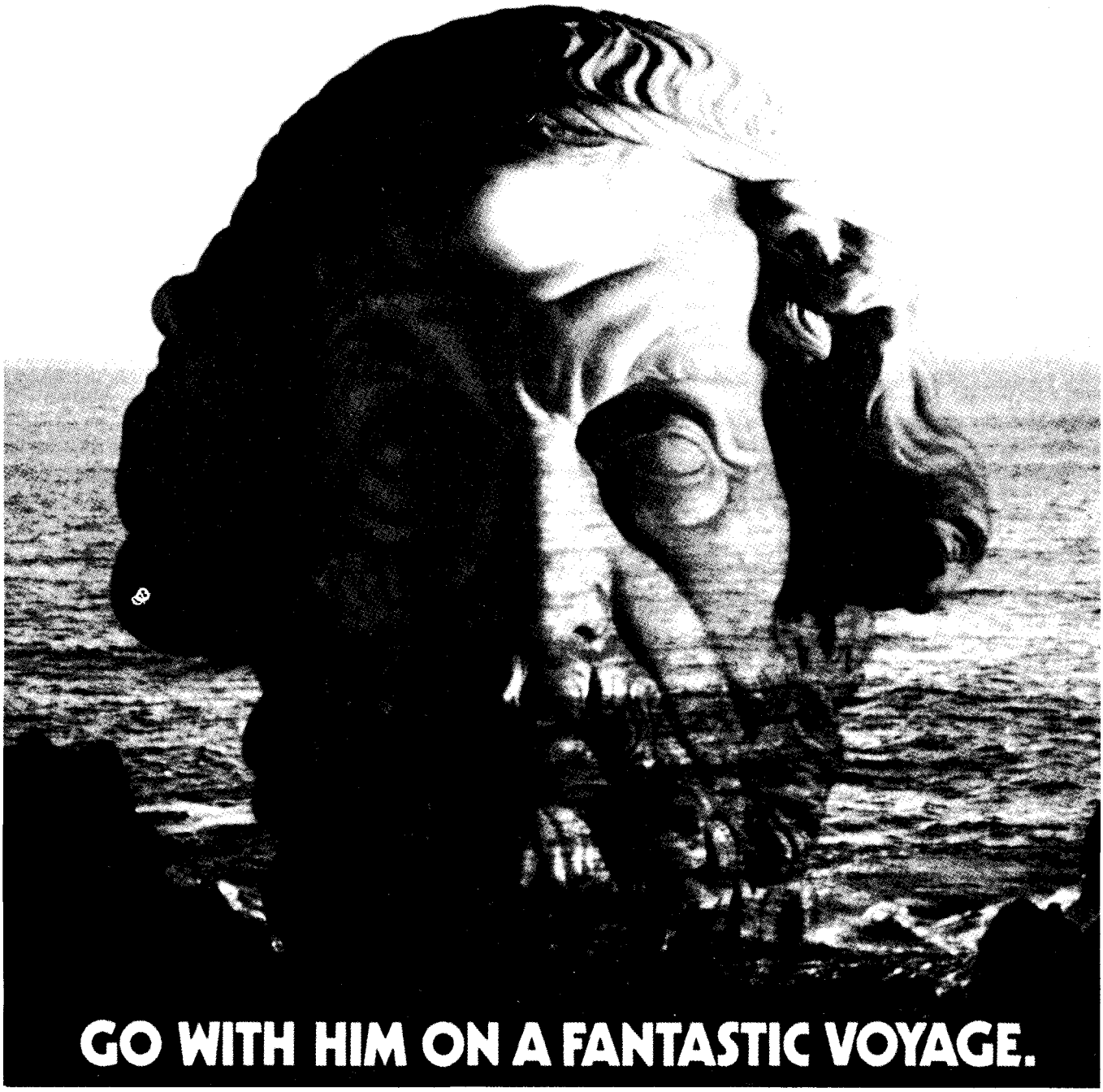

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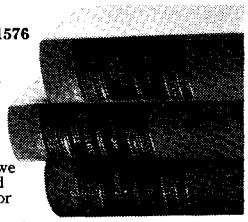

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In This Issue

F. Reid Buckley, who had continued for years to hope that bullfighting could still retrieve its lost honor, has finally decided it can't. When he hasn't been at the bullring, Mr. Buckley has been working on his second novel, *Servants and Their Masters*, "a tale of manners and morals, or the lack of both, set in Spain." After finishing the novel, he plans to start a book on the Buckley family, including some of William F. Buckley Sr.'s adventures in Mexico. . . . **Tibor Szamuely** is a regular contributor to *NR* and various English journals, including the *Spectator*. Mr. Szamuely has had more than enough experience with Iron Curtain countries: He was born in Moscow of Hungarian-Communist parents; his father was killed in the Great Purge of 1937; he served in the Red Army during the war, spent eighteen months in Soviet prisons and labor camps (1950-52), became a professor of modern history at Budapest University, and then went to England in 1964. He is now a lecturer in politics at Reading University. . . . **Justus M. van der Kroef** is Chairman of the political science department at the University of Bridgeport (Connecticut); he is also President of University Professors for Academic Order, the antiradical coalition founded after the campus disturbances in 1970.

Hugh Kenner is the author of major works on, among others, Joyce, Pound and Eliot. . . . **Leo Paul S. de Alvarez**, a former pupil of Willmoore Kendall's, is a professor of political science at Dallas University. . . . Economist **Mary Bennett Peterson** has a regular book-review column, "Reading for Business," in the *Wall Street Journal*. . . . **David Brudnoy** has finally finished his doctoral dissertation; he will be a part-time lecturer in history at Northeastern University this fall. . . . **John C. Ottinger** is an independent Media Advertising Executive, who has done promotional work for *NR*. He has written in the past for the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* and the *New York World-Telegraph*.

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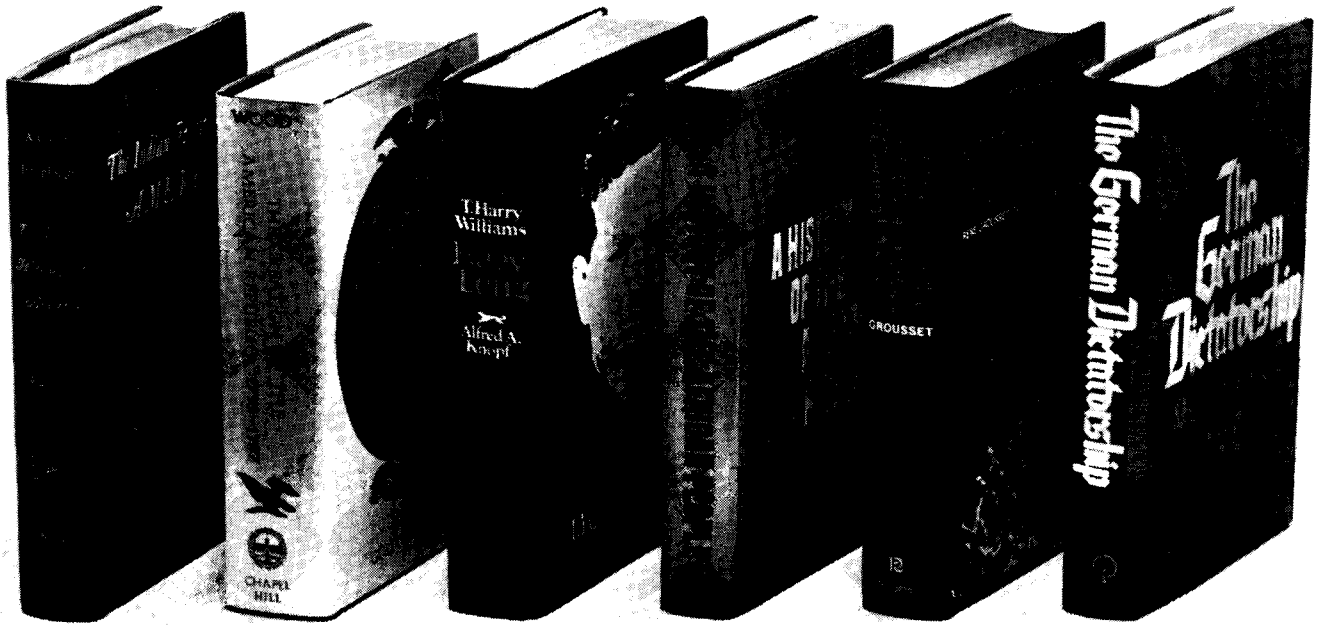

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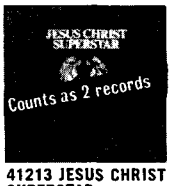

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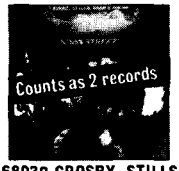

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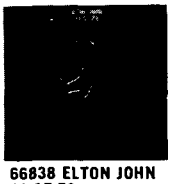

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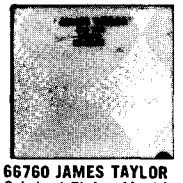

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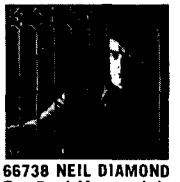
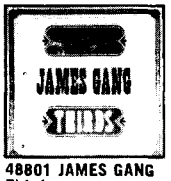
33184 DIONNE WARWICK Very Dionne
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS



66738 NEIL DIAMOND
Tap Root Manuscript
Uni LP, 8TR, CASS

68023 WOODSTOCK TWO (2 record set)
Cotil LP, 8TR, CASS

67517 THREE DOG NIGHT Golden Biscuits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

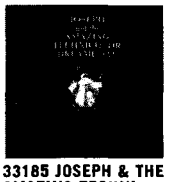


48801 JAMES GANG
Thirds
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

50506 BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE Used To Wanna Be A Ballerina
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

33179 DIONNE WARWICK I'll Never Fall In Love Again
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

41217 BERT KAEMPFERT Orange Colored Sky
Decca LP, 8TR, CASS

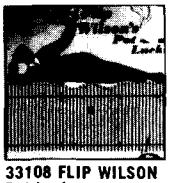


33185 JOSEPH & THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMBOAT
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

38373 IKE & TINA TURNER Workin' Together
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS

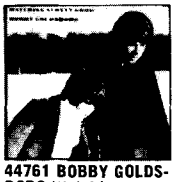
33093 IAN & SYLVIA
Greatest Hits
(2 record set)
Vangu LP

44214 FOUR SEASONS
2nd Gold Vault of Hits
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



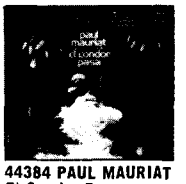
33108 FLIP WILSON
Pot Luck
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

44776 FERRANTE & TEICHER Music Lovers
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



44761 BOBBY GOLDSBORO Watching Scotty Grow
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

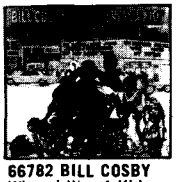
33092 BEST OF BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE
(2 record set)
Vangu LP



44384 PAUL MAURIAT
El Condor Pasa
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS

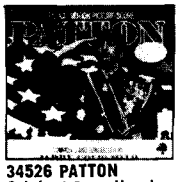
44383 MYSTIC MOODS
Country Lovin' Folk
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS

75002 JACKSON 5
Maybe Tomorrow
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



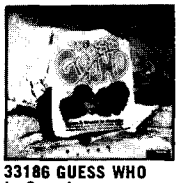
66782 BILL COSBY
When I Was A Kid
Uni LP, 8TR, CASS

12121 3 CENTURIES OF MILITARY MUSIC
Pirou LP, 8TR, CASS

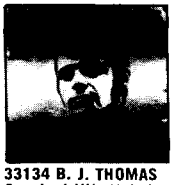


34526 PATTON
Original Soundtrack
TweCe LP, CASS

42989 EL CHICANO
Revolucion
Kapp LP, 8TR, CASS



33186 GUESS WHO
In Canada
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS



33134 B. J. THOMAS
Greatest Hits Vol. 1
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

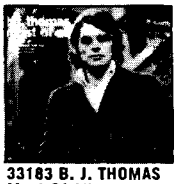
42780 LED ZEPPELIN III
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

21551 BEETHOVEN
Piano Sonatas
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS

44773 VENTURES
New Testament
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

33182 SUSAN SINGS SESAME STREET
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

28082 TREASURY OF GREGORIAN CHANTS
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS



33183 B. J. THOMAS
Most Of All
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

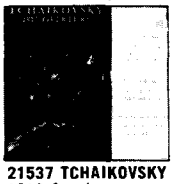
65793 BREWER & SHIPLEY Tarkio
KamSu LP, 8TR, CASS

33099 PDQ BACH
The Stoned Guest
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

42784 STEPHEN STILLS
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

44757 BEST OF GORDON LIGHTFOOT
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

65775 VERY BEST OF LOVIN' SPOONFUL
KamSu LP, 8TR, CASS



21537 TCHAIKOVSKY
1812 Overture
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS

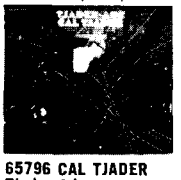
67519 STEPPENWOLF
Gold
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

21633 RED ARMY ENSEMBLE
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS

42988 ROGER WILLIAMS Love Story
Kapp LP, 8TR, CASS

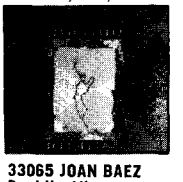
37833 ROD McKUEN
In The Beginning
Sunse LP, 8TR

65784 MELANIE
Leftover Wine
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS



65796 CAL TJADER
Tjader-Ade
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS

21597 RIMSKY-KORSAKOV Scheherazade
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS



33065 JOAN BAEZ
David's Album
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

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See for yourself why over 1¾ million record and tape collectors paid $5 to join Record Club of America when other record or tape clubs would have accepted them free.

Compare and see!	Citadel Record Club (as adv. in TV Guide Oct. 3, 1970)	Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service (as adv. in Esquire Nov. 1970	Capitol Record Club (as adv. in Look Jan. 26, 1971)	Columbia Record Club (as adv. in Playboy Feb. 1971)	RCA Stereo 8 Tape Club (as adv. in Esquire Oct. 1970)	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS? LP's OR TAPES, INCLUDING CARTRIDGE AND CASSETTE TAPES?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP or tape on any label! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including Capitol, Columbia, RCA, Angel, London, etc.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	12	12	12	10	6	NONE! No obligations! No yearly quota! Take as many, as few, or nothing at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	$59.76 to $71.75	$83.76 to $95.40	$59.76 to $71.76	$49.80 to $59.80	$41.70 to $47.70	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discount up to 79% OFF. Guaranteed never less than a third! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent—and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received. No shipping on cycle.

AT LAST A RECORD AND TAPE CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

Ordinary record and tape clubs make you choose from a few labels—usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year—usually at list price—to fulfill your obligation. And if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you an item you don't want and a bill for $4.98, $5.98, $6.98, or $7.98! In effect, you may be charged almost double for your records and tapes.

BUT RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA ENDS ALL THAT!

We're the largest **all-label** record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape (cartridges and cassettes), including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or as few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You always save at least 33⅓%. You get best sellers for as low as 99¢.

NO AUTOMATIC SHIPMENTS

With our Club there are no cards which you must return to prevent shipment of unwanted LPs or tapes (which you would have to return at your own expense if you have failed to send written notice not to ship). The postage alone for returning these cards each month to the other clubs costs almost an additional $2.40. **We send only what you order.**

HOW CAN WE BREAK ALL RECORD AND TAPE CLUB RULES?

We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED...NOT CONTROLLED...NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are not obliged by company policy to push any one label. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments from offering the very newest LPs and tapes.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY MEMBERSHIP OFFER

Join RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA now and take advantage of this special **Introductory Membership Offer.** Choose any 3 LPs or any 1 tape shown here (worth up to $20.94) and mail coupon with check or money order for $5.00 membership fee (a small handling and mailing fee for your free LPs or tapes will be sent later). **If you can't find 3 LPs or 1 tape here, you can defer your selection and choose from expanded list later.** This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee. Your savings have already more than made up for the nominal membership fee.

NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT

If you prefer, you may charge your membership to one of your credit cards. We honor four different plans. Check your preference and fill-in your account number on the coupon.

LOOK WHAT YOU GET

- **FREE Lifetime Membership Card** — guarantees you brand new LPs and tapes at discounts up to 79%... Never less than ⅓ off.
- **FREE Giant Master LP and Tape Catalog**—lists thousands of all readily available LPs and tapes (cartridges and cassettes) of **all labels** (including foreign)... **all musical categories.**
- **FREE Disc and Tape Guide** — The Club's own Magazine, and special Club sale announcements which regularly bring you news of just-issued new releases and "extra discount" specials.
- **FREE ANY 3 Stereo LPs or any 1 Tape** shown here (worth up to $20.94) with absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever!

GUARANTEED INSTANT SERVICE

All LPs and tapes ordered by members are shipped same day received (orders from the Master Catalog may take a few days longer). ALL RECORDS AND TAPES GUARANTEED—factory new and completely satisfactory or replacements will be made without question.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be returned AT ONCE! Join over two million budget-wise record and tape collectors now.

TYPICAL "EXTRA DISCOUNT" SALE

$4.98 LPs average as low as $1.96
$5.98 LPs average as low as $2.25
$6.98 LPs average as low as $2.56

Savings of 63% or more from recent Club sales up to $4.42 per LP. Start these giant savings now... not after you fulfill your obligation like the other clubs.

	Label	List Price	Average Club Price
Andy Williams—Love Story	Colum	5.98	2.25
Anne Murray	Capit	5.98	2.25
Ed Ames—This Is	RCA	6.98	2.56
2001—A Space Ouyssey	MGM	6.98	2.56
Mary Travers—Mary	WarBr	4.98	1.96
Creedence Clearwater Revival —Pendulum	Fanta	4.98	1.96
Miles Davis—Bitches Brew	Colum	5.98	2.25
Love Story—Soundtrack	Param	5.98	2.25
Perry Como—It's Impossible	RCA	5.98	2.25
Bloodrock—3	Capit	5.98	2.25

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Yes—Rush me a lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master LP & Tape Catalog, and Disc & Tape Guide at this Special Membership Offer. Also send me the 3 FREE LPs or 1 FREE tape which I have indicated below (with a bill for a small mailing and handling charge). I enclose my $5.00 lifetime membership fee. This entitles me to buy any LPs or tapes at discounts up to 79%, plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee.

3 FREE LPs

☐ ☐ ☐

or **1 FREE TAPE**

☐ ☐ 8 track ☐ cassette

or ☐ **Defer Selection**—send expanded list.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All Servicemen write Soc. Sec. # _____

CHARGE IT to my credit card. I am charging my $5.00 membership (mailing and handling fee for each FREE LP and tape selected will be added).

Check one: ☐ **Diners Club** ☐ **Master Charge** ☐ **American Express** ☐ **BankAmericard**

Acct. # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Canadians: Mail coupon to above address. Orders to be serviced from Canada.

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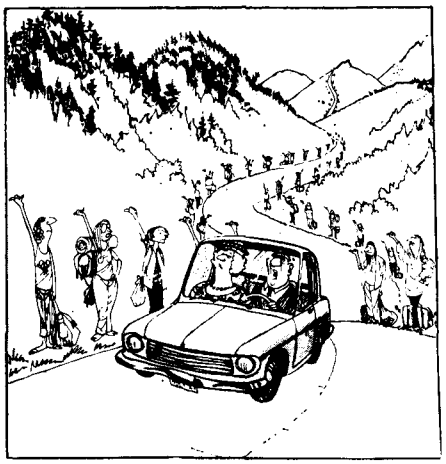
FOR THE RECORD

■ Rundown by **American Conservative Union** on how senators did prior to Aug. 1 recess. One Democrat (**John Stennis**, Miss.) rated 100 per cent; one Republican (**Mark Hatfield**, Ore.), zero. The four senators from Arizona and Nebraska (**Goldwater**, **Fannin**, **Curtis**, **Hruska**) scored 100; the four from Indiana and Wisconsin (**Bayh**, **Hartke**, **Nelson**, **Proxmire**) scored zero. Of the Republican class of '70, two (**Buckley**, N.Y., **Brock**, Tenn.) got 100; two (**Weicker**, Conn., **Roth**, Del.) got 92; **Beall** (Md.), 82; **Taft** (Ohio), 73; **Stevens** (Alaska), 23 per cent. Of the leading Democratic Presidential candidates, most (**Kennedy**, **McGovern**, **Hughes**) got zero, but **Humphrey** rated 9, **Muskie**, 13, **Henry Jackson**, 67. The most split state: Utah, where **Moss** (D.) got a zero, **Bennett** (R.), 100 per cent. . . . Introduced just before the recess: legislation by **Marlow Cook** (R., Ky.) that would make it easier for companies with union contracts to go to four (ten-hour) day week. Present laws require overtime after eight hours' work. . . . An amendment by **Harry Byrd Jr.** (D., Va.) to end the boycott on Rhodesian chrome, which had been tabled by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, breezed through the Armed Services Committee as an amendment to the military procurement bill. It is expected to pass the House.

■ How North Korean Premier **Kim Il Sung** views President **Nixon**'s China visit: "Nixon's visit to China will not be a march of a victor but a trip of the defeated, and it fully reflects the destiny of U.S. imperialism which is like a sun sinking in the western sky." . . . How Prime Minister **Lee Kuan Yew** of Singapore sees it: "New demarcations of spheres of influence may become part of the Asian political landscapes. Some countries may be allowed to go neutral. Some may become pro-Communist." . . . How North Vietnam sees it: For



Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth Agency

"Remember the good old days . . . when it was billboards?"

the first time Hanoi has invited envoys of a Trotskyist-dominated organization in the U.S.—**Ruth Gage-Colby** and **James** and **Patricia Lafferty**—to visit North Vietnam. They are all deeply involved in **National Peace Action Coalition**, which is dominated by the Trotskyist **Socialist Workers Party**. Significance: Hanoi wants all U.S. peace groups to unite under its political guidance, and the Socialist Workers Party showed its clout in the successful organizing of the April 24 peace demonstrations in Washington. . . . **Chinese community** of New York, which had planned anti-Peking rally in front of UN on Aug. 23, has called it off, in order to jibe its demonstration with nationwide anti-Peking entry in UN move in late September, about the time when General Assembly convenes.

■ The world as you would see it if you cut off radio-TV and read only the **Communist** *Daily World*. Banner headline, Aug. 6: "WASHINGTON DRAWS NEW DEATH NUMBERS"—the draft lottery. . . . Photograph, an island (same day). Caption: "A Wall Street tycoon's private island in Penobscot Bay in Maine —perfect place for Nixon and his family to turn their backs on the problems of war, poverty and repression." . . . Headlines, all from July 31 issue: "Soviets Score Bloodbath in Sudan," "Sudan Executions Spark Soviet Protests," "New York Jews Hit Sudan Terror," "Soviet Blasts Sudan Purge." . . . You would also read (July 31) that **Warren Widener**, black mayor of Berkeley, has proclaimed July 31 "Angela Davis Day"; (Aug. 5) **Charles Evers**, black mayor of Lafayette, Miss., is not all that good because he hasn't protested Mississippi's right-to-work law; (Aug. 10) Dr. **Benjamin Spock** and **Ossie Davis** are starting a nationwide campaign to distribute and show the CBS documentary *The Selling of the Pentagon*. . . . But you won't read that **Jane Fonda** is out $50,000 because two **Black Panthers** in Los Angeles, involved in a shootout with police, jumped bail (her money).

■ Those mellowing Communists: 1) the **Japanese Foreign Ministry** reports intelligence agents have found listening devices in the walls and ceilings of the Japanese embassy in Moscow. . . . 2) Western diplomats in Moscow report a dozen Iron Curtain diplomats, including at least seven Russians, have been expelled from **Congo (Kinshasa)** for involvement in student demonstrations and riots earlier this summer. . . . 3) A **Czech** defector testifies to a Senate subcommittee that leaflets originating in the satellites, accusing Goldwater of racism, were smuggled into the States by diplomatic pouch in '64, and distributed by Czech agents.

■ That embarrassing it is: Horse owners in **New Mexico** paid taxes on 24,245 horses last year, but seventy thousand New Mexico horses have been vaccinated against sleeping sickness thus far and the number is expected to reach between eighty and ninety thousand.

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AMERICA, INC.
Capone
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LETTERS

The Great Hoax, Pro . . .

Congratulations on producing in an occasionally dreary NATIONAL REVIEW the most exciting, instructive example of readership responsibility that I have seen since subscribing six years ago. The obvious lesson from discovering that "The Secret Papers They Didn't Publish" [July 27] were fictitious was *not* that NATIONAL REVIEW had played a rotten trick, but that we, as adults responsible for our thinking processes, must constantly question the contextual framework and source of reading material on subjects we are not acquainted with on a first-hand basis. Thanks again for shocking many readers into remembering that they cannot accept at face value everything they read (even—especially—if it's in the *New York Times*).

Berwyn, Pa. BILL SCHAEFER III

Bravo, Mr. Buckley, for placing D. Ellsberg's dreary confessions in proper perspective. It would only be gilding the lily if you could now persuade Congress to make it a capital offense, if not to steal, at least to publish such sanctimonious stuff, and to give the farsighted public servant, whoever he was, a Medal of Merit, First Class, for classifying it as secret, no doubt with the thought he would spare the American public such pedestrian outpourings of guilt as the good Dr. Ellsberg and his ilk are capable of producing.

I am sure that bunch will not soon forgive, but, hopefully, neither will they soon forget. I hope the incident will have the same effect that I am convinced that your puncturing of Governor Rockefeller's inflated rhetoric (when you published, prior to the 1968 Presidential Convention, your "Goo" and "Clouds, Wind, Damp" ads) had upon his character and thinking.

Sequin, Tex. A. J. SAEGERT

NR's version of the *other* Pentagon Papers was a tour de force. The staff deserves a Pulitzer Prize for a job well done.

Obviously not everyone appreciated your efforts. Not surprisingly the *Miami Herald* two days consecutively published little tidbits which drip with venom. The liberals were certainly not amused.

Thanks for performing a genuine public service. Now, when will you release a) the Red China Papers, b) the Pearl Harbor Papers and c) the Chappaquiddick Papers?

Miami Beach, Fla. JAMES E. HINISH JR.

. . . and Con

I know the last few weeks have been even more hectic than usual, and you are being inundated with gratuitous advice. I do not want to add unnecessarily to the tiresome chorus. But, as one who cares very much for the continued growth of *NR*'s influence, allow me to say the following:

The "Papers hoax" was unfortunate.

I am sure it resulted from a wholesome playfulness. But *NR* is the loser on two counts. 1) It is hard for any magazine of opinion to be playful—in that way, in the current atmosphere—without seeming less serious than it ought to be. 2) A conservative magazine of opinion, and especially *NR*, like Caesar's wife and unlike (say) the *New Republic*, must be beyond reproach and above suspicion.

There are a large number of people anxious for evidence that *NR* is not to be taken seriously. They are anxious to believe that *NR* is wrong, and that they can lapse again into their dogmatic slumbers. You have given them a rationalization for ignoring *NR*.

I noticed that the *Washington Post* did not carry a thing on the "suspension of support" press release. When called about this, the *Washington Post* said: We just do not know when William Buckley is being serious.

Now obviously the *Washington Post* was just being snide and feckless. But the point is that *NR* has made it easy for such enemies to score cheap points.

Washington, D.C. GEORGE F. WILL

That was a marvelous hoax, a beautiful joke. My faith in the American press remains intact; but I wouldn't read NATIONAL REVIEW any more, even if you paid me. After all, how could I believe what's written there?

Oh, also I want to tell you to keep the faith, baby. We all know that you don't know what papers are in the still-closed Pentagon files, but you can keep on believing and telling the public you know what's there. That's fine journalism.

St. Louis Park, Minn. NEIL ISBIN

I have irrefutable proof of how the news media distort the news they report. I have an admission of, not just slanted or biased reporting, not just manipulation of news film, but of out-and-out fraud, of total fabrication, of one big fat lie. Is our culprit a liberal-enslaved television network or newspaper? No, it's our own NATIONAL REVIEW!

Yes, the same NATIONAL REVIEW which for years has been bitching and whining about slanted news coverage has gone the liberals one better and produced *ex nihilo* and from an ethical vacuum "documents" supposedly part of the Pentagon Papers that were left out of the *New York Times* series.

I admittedly did not read your "Papers," but then I don't think any real conservative would want to waste his time wading through a pack of liberalesque lies. If some other magazine or newspaper had printed such a story with such far-ranging results, you would be on your white charger crying about responsibility of the press, and how you just can't trust a liberal.

All that I learned about your "Papers" I got from *Newsweek*. After all, can we trust a magazine that would print such lies?

Waterbury, Conn. PAUL KMECAK

We were very ashamed and disappointed with your Top Secret Hoax. We feel you owe NATIONAL REVIEW readers and the nation an unconditional apology.

What you did smacks of elitism and condescension in the worst way—an arrogance matched by Galbraith on the Left. While you tried to discredit the *Times* and Ellsberg, you made them look like sincere (if misguided) critics and yourself an unfeeling, nonparticipating and amused onlooker as our country gropes its way toward coping with the Vietnam Tragedy.

MICHAEL & ELAYNE FLAX

Silver Spring, Md.

For more comments on the NR *Papers, please see Notes & Asides.* —ED.

Support of Mr. Nixon

Congratulations on your move to suspend support of the Nixon Administration ["A Declaration," Aug. 10]. It had to be done and soon, if it was to have a chance of affecting his policies.

Here in Hong Kong the Hong Kong and Kowloon Trades Union Council has cabled to Washington urging President Nixon to cancel his proposed visit to China, and all the Chinese with whom I have talked are strongly opposed to the visit. Perhaps if Mr. Nixon were to talk with some of the refugees from China who, for the sake of freedom, have endured, among other things, a twelve-hour swim begun in the dead of night in an attempt to avoid detection, he might change his tune. Many of these refugees have nowhere to go and no employment prospects when they arrive in Hong Kong, but they prefer to starve in freedom than in Mao-land.

It is amusing to see that the Communists are as surprised and embarrassed as anyone about Nixon's forthcoming visit to China. I quote from an article by Mark Gayn in the *South China Morning Post* (July 26): "Some of the Communist states, notably North Vietnam, appear fearful that secret deals might be made in Peking at their expense." A foreign minis-

(Continues on page 947)

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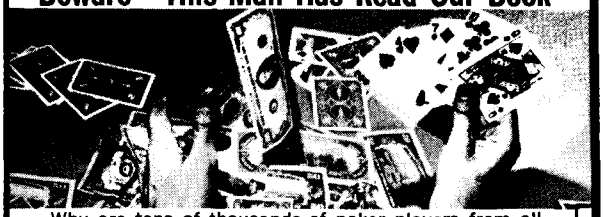

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THE WEEK

■ From John V. Lindsay's statement, August 11, announcing his rebirth: "I consider this decision a reaffirmation of my commitment to the needs of this great and vital city. . . . Men without jobs, families without hope, indecent housing, blighted neighborhoods, crowded hospitals, crime, poverty, polarization—these are real. And again and again I have seen them on our streets." Of course that was under a Republican mayor.

■ Like it or not, Dr. Daniel Ellsberg of Massachusetts must face charges in California on August 16 for unauthorized possession of those 47 volumes of government secrets known as the Pentagon Papers. Underlaying the California indictment is the government's contention that Ellsberg had access to the documents while at the Rand Corporation in Santa Monica. Ellsberg (who mentioned on August 4 that he would welcome a full court trial so as to "strengthen constitutional rights in this country"), counseled by his lawyer Leonard Boudin (whose daughter Kathy survived the blast on NYC's West 11th St. last year), has entered, so far unsuccessfully, a million or so objections, appeals and other delaying motions. The courts have rejected his protest of alleged federal wiretapping to secure evidence for the warrant. In the ruling the judge said: "The entire allegation of wiretapping is irrelevant and immaterial to removal proceedings."

■ Seek and Ye Shall Find Dept.: The first welfare recipient in New York to be put to work was asked by a TV reporter why it was that he hadn't been able to find a job. "Well," he answered, "I wasn't looking."

■ They're off and scrambling! . . . Muskie planning to campaign in 32 states between now and January 1—and, he admits to staffers, to neglect his Senate duties (does a senator get his pay docked if he takes too much time off?) . . . McGovern in New Hampshire, bitching about the economy with scarcely a peep about Vietnam . . . ditto Birch Bayh (he's pretty much a ditto person) . . . Scoop Jackson shaking hands all over . . . Teddy Kennedy in a holding pattern over nowhere . . . Shirley Chisholm announcing she's serious about it, she really is . . . and bringing up the rear (just leaving the post, in fact)—John Beedlebaum Lindsay. That shot you heard was an oddsmaker killing himself.

■ "It will be small consolation, one of these days, to call a roll of those who were right in 1971. Unless their warnings are heeded—and not merely heeded, but acted upon swiftly—the United States will wind up as Number Two among the powers of the world." This from a James Kilpatrick column about seven senators—Thurmond, Byrd, Dominick, Gurney, Buckley, Curtis and Brock—who spoke against America's rapidly declining military strength in practically every area. Neither the Senate nor the Washington press heeded the speeches. They caused no debate in the Senate and received only the slightest attention in the Washington press. A few days after the speeches in the Senate 85 congressmen spoke on the same topic. There was only a slight difference in the reaction. They caused no debate in the House and received no press coverage at all.

■ Back when he was nominated as Assistant Secretary of HEW, Dr. John Knowles said he was a Republican. Now the *Boston Globe* reports he was actually an independent at that time, but registered as a Democrat when President Nixon withdrew his nomination (thanks to pressure from conservatives). Somewhat after *that*, Dr. Knowles offered himself as a Republican candidate to oppose Ted Kennedy. *Now* he wants to run, as a Democrat, against Senator Ed Brooke (one of his staunchest backers in the nomination flap). Failing that, he'll run on the Greenback ticket provided they change their name to the Chameleon Party.

■ The annual marathon for nonstop leftist tongues, the National Student Association's Congress (Aug. 20-29), looms over the summer horizon. This 24th "gathering of student government representatives" will be addressed by such prominent youth panderers as Senators Birch Bayh and George McGovern, Rep. Paul McCloskey, Dr. Benjamin Spock, John Kerry and David Dellinger. Keynoter? Daniel Ellsberg. As a public service: STOP/NSA, 4723 Richmond Ave., Houston, Texas 77027.

■ You foxed us, George: Two weeks ago *NR* called attention to HUD chief George Romney's attempt to turn back the tide of rising interest rates ("Let George Romney Play King Canute"). We forecast a withering away of the market in FHA-VA mortgages if the 7 per cent ceiling wasn't raised to the going market rate. But *NR* failed to reckon with Washington's ingenuity when it comes to finding ways to spend the taxpayers' money. The 7 per cent ceiling is going to stay, but the government will in effect make up most of the difference between the market rate (about 7.75 per cent at present) and the ceiling. The bill: a minimum of $80 million as a starter.

■ Deep, philosophical comment of the week from a Boston TV newsman talking about the astronauts' activities on the moon: "Even if they get behind their time line [jargonese for 'schedule'] they still will have done more than if they had set out to do less."

■ Moscow is sending out contradictory signals with regard to Nixon's China moves. On the one hand, *Pravda* noted that "progressive" forces in the U.S. had been favoring the rapprochement; but it went on, worriedly: "One cannot ignore the fact that those who come out

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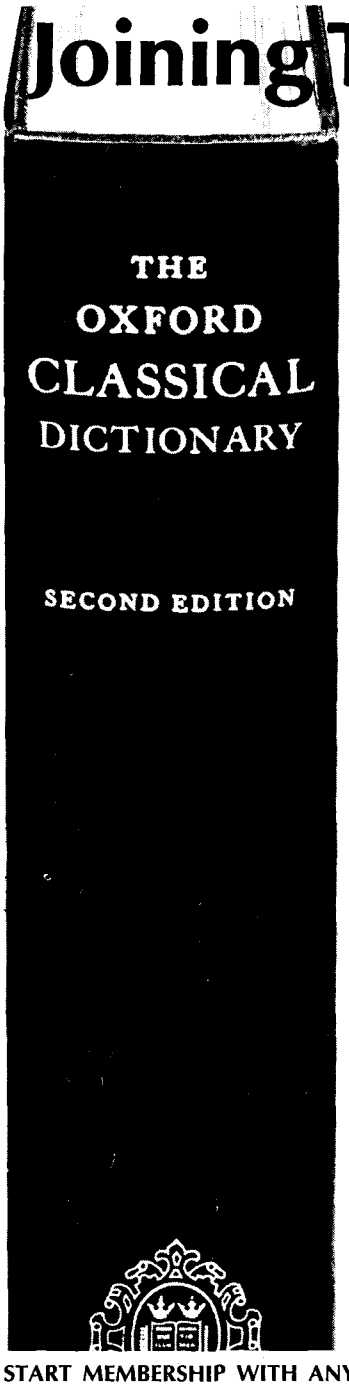

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for rapprochement with China are rabid haters of the Soviet Union and include counterrevolutionary emigrés from the countries of socialism and belligerent Zionist elements." Nixon, warned *Pravda*, had better not be thinking of developing an anti-Soviet coalition, an anti-Soviet coalition, an anti-Soviet coalition . . .

Echoes and Re-Echoes

On July 28 a statement was made public (see NR, *August 10) in which twelve conservative spokesmen, having surveyed President Nixon's record in such areas as welfare reform, foreign policy, economics, "and above all" defense, announced they had suspended their support of Mr. Nixon. Signers included editors of* NATIONAL REVIEW *and* Human Events, *and leaders of the American Conservative Union, Young Americans for Freedom and the Conservative Party of New York State. A sampling of reactions to the statement from the press and from public figures follows.*

So far, the White House pooh-poohs the conservative revolt, dismissing it—with some accuracy—as the uprising of a bunch of disgruntled intellectuals. "It's not the conservative politicians," White House staffers argue. "Barry Goldwater, Ronald Reagan and Strom Thurmond are backing the President. They're not part of this thing."

Yes, but were Senators Robert Kennedy and George McGovern publicly backing the Lowenstein movement in the summer of 1967? Not at all. They were nursing their private unhappiness in Senate cloakrooms and closed-door strategy sessions. At a comparable point in Lyndon Johnson's hectoring, only the intellectuals were in the field against him. . . .

The conservative intellectuals are disgusted. Like the Lowensteins of 1967-1968, they believe that a great opportunity has been dissipated, and that their beliefs—and even the nation—are in jeopardy. . . .

The strength of the right-wing dissidents lies in the power of their pens, plus their conservative youth following. Nine [of the twelve] are columnists, publishers or editors with an important readership among the conservative GOP rank and file. Better than most liberals, these men know where the White House's bodies are buried, and they can damage Mr. Nixon considerably.

—*Kevin Phillips column*

I have the highest respect for the leaders of the conservative movement who earlier this week felt compelled to declare their suspension of support for the Nixon Administration. I know that their decision was made with the greatest reluctance and only after the most careful deliberation, because the individuals in question have from the beginning wished the President well. But while I share many if not all of their concerns, I am not prepared to join them in a declaration of non-support.

The signers of the statement are thoughtful men, responsible men. I have great sympathy for their concerns even though I may disagree with some of their specific analyses—perhaps because during these past six months I have occupied a position from which I have been able to gain a better appreciation of the political constraints within which the President is required to operate.

The statement must be regarded as a serious document which has serious implications for next year's Presidential election. The individuals who signed the statement are the recognized spokesmen of the most responsible and influential publications and organizations of the conservative movement. Their opinions reach tens of millions of Americans and their final verdict on Richard Nixon can kindle or extinguish the kind of enthusiasm and willingness to work on which elections depend. Should the presently expressed concerns be allowed to solidify into open opposition, it will be virtually impossible for the President to regain their credible support.

—*Senator James L. Buckley (R.-C., N.Y.)*

Washington—A group of conservative organizers and editors has broken politically with President Nixon, but Republican leaders say the defectors will be back because there's no place else for them to go in 1972.

"Sooner or later, these conservatives are going to look at the alternatives," said Sen. Dole of Kansas, the GOP National Chairman. "They certainly aren't going with any of the Democrats. And there aren't any alternatives on our side. Nixon's the nominee."

Senator Goldwater of Arizona said he wasn't surprised at conservative dissatisfaction.

"But I don't believe this is going to amount to much, because when the chips are down, they're going to be with Nixon," Goldwater said. "The alternatives are too frightening."

—*Associated Press dispatch*

President Nixon seems little alarmed politically by the fact that there is gathering thunder on the right from some Republican conservatives. . . . My own judgment is that no candidate more conservative than Richard Nixon is going to be elected President as far as one can see ahead, and this is why I doubt that conservative voters will follow these conservative intellectuals in their anti-Nixon tizzy.

—*Roscoe Drummond column*

Mending his fences with unhappy conservatives, President Nixon met secretly at the White House yesterday with Sen. James L. Buckley. . . . Also at the meeting was Attorney General John Mitchell, who was Mr. Nixon's political campaign manager in 1968 and who is expected to be his campaign manager in 1972. . . .

—Washington Post *item*

As a political manifesto, [the statement] may assure Mr.

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Nixon that he will not have the support of conservatives in next year's primaries that he had in 1968. But that loss may be more than offset by the strengthened image it gives the President of a moderate, middle-road Republican, the kind of man that white suburban America likes to see in the White House. . . .

With as many Democratic Presidential aspirants bobbing about as can be counted on fingers and toes, and his foreign affairs in good shape, the conservative defection may be only a ripple on the placid Republican pond. But should the gray economic shadow that lies just beneath the surface suddenly break out into a major issue around which the Democrats can rally, Mr. Nixon could yet have need for his conservative allies. . . .

—Christian Science Monitor *editorial*

As yet, the defection of the twelve does not constitute a four-alarm fire. Intellectuals, to be effective, must find professionals to carry their philosophical projections into the mainstream of political action. It took about ten years for the new conservative movement of the 1950s to find its political tiger in Barry Goldwater in 1964. . . .

Even so, the defection is a portent. There is a bad 1972 missile gap shaping up. The Soviets will get the Suez Canal opened up some day, and the Indian Ocean will then take on an alien coloration for the West. West Europe will begin to shiver about its oil supply. The China talks will either come to nothing or they will succeed in scaring the Japanese into a gut struggle for the Far East which will take us back to 1938. Nixon economics, never very promising, could not stand the bleeding deficits that are inherent in the Family Assistance Plan.

If Nixon doesn't make his peace with the twelve, and begin listening to them, his presumptive eight years in office will end with a collapsed American Republic and a total absence of world order.

—*John Chamberlain column*

There is an ironic sidelight to the action of the group of Republican rightwingers headed by William F. Buckley Jr. in casting Richard Nixon into outer darkness. Just a little over a year ago, Nixon himself virtually expelled Charles Goodell from the Republican Party and, by embracing Bill Buckley's brother James, assisted Goodell's departure from the Senate.

Were Goodell still in the Senate today, he would of course be a voice and a vote in support of the President's unforeseen breakthrough toward normalized U.S. relations with China. —New York Post *editorial*

In an apparent move to block President Nixon from dumping Vice President Spiro Agnew, leaders of the nation's conservative movement yesterday announced a "suspension" of support for the Nixon Administration.

—New York Daily News *item*

On the basis of the record, it is possible to assure Mr. Buckley that Nixon remains faithful to the principles of the most reactionary U.S. imperialist interests, but that conditions force him to operate in a more sophisticated way. —*Conrad Komorowski in* Daily World

Lunar Reflections

Friday night. Virginia Beach, Virginia. Feet up on the porch railing. The moon, orange-red, coming up over the dunes. It's quiet. Very little surf. One bright star, red-tinged too. Could it be Mars? Mars closer to Earth than it will be again for years? It's hard to believe, you say. They were up there. Walking up there on the Moon a few days ago. And tomorrow they'll splash down safely, God willing. The others—a successful stockbroker, a former newspaperwoman, a retired Telephone executive—show no interest. Not no interest exactly. If anything they're negative about the whole program. It's a drag. The woman finds the astronauts unimpressive. Dumb. A bunch of dumb clucks. All they can say is Oh Boy! and What a Sight! And that Scott. He misused a word in his press interview that very afternoon. No thought that after eleven days even these men might be tired.

What kind of men? James Benson Irwin. Ten years ago, flat on his back in a hospital after a plane crash. Two broken legs. A busted jaw. A brain concussion that had wiped out his memory. Two years of psychiatry, truth serum, hypnosis to help him bring back that memory, and he was back in the cockpit. Applied to join the corps of astronauts. Rejected. Tried again. Rejected. Made it the third time. Became the eighth man to set foot on the Moon.

That kind of a man in an America that is producing other kinds of men too, men like Keith (we learned about Keith from the *New York Times Magazine* the morning after splashdown). Keith, 22 years old, 6-feet-2, 190 pounds. On the relief rolls of Berkeley *and* New York City, on the basis of the same faked psychiatrist's letter that got him out of the draft. Draws $320 a month altogether. When he's away, say on a seven-month around-the-world trip, his buddies pick up the check. Panhandles on the side "to keep my hand in." Laughs when he tells how easy it is to cheat The System, to "rip off," as the Kids call stealing. . . .

Next day, no one bothers to take the five-minute walk up to the house from the beach. In the time they've lain on the beach, Scott, Irwin and Worden have flown twenty thousand miles back toward earth. No one walks up to watch the splashdown but the children, the ten, twelve and fourteen year olds. And even they seem strangely detached, distracted, unconcerned. And yet you've heard them repeat with shining eyes stories of great adventures. They know all about Columbus (he sailed the ocean blue in fourteen hundred and ninety two). But they don't seem

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The President's sudden move to bar federal funds for other than court-ordered busing was political in motivation—and, possibly, politically inept. Conservatives feel the President was pitching to win back some of the right-wing credit he lost with his shift in China policy.

High HEW officials were informed about what the President was going to say only hours before he said it.

Secretary Elliot Richardson was miffed, partly because he was left to explain to staff members why the President had shifted gears and vitiated months of planning. Conservatives, on the other hand, blame the President for letting HEW go so far as to introduce legislation without the kinds of prohibitions that the President put in at the last minute. The President has lost with both the Left and the Right—with the Left because he shifted position and with the Right because he didn't shift long ago.

■ Henry Kissinger's mythical stomach disorder may cost the government a hefty sum. Pakistan is very concerned about its image abroad among prospective tourists who fear spicy curries, biranyis of dubious origin, and Oriental kitchen hygiene. Therefore Pakistan was less than enthusiastic when the cover story decided on for the Kissinger Peking visit was a stomach ailment.

According to reliable sources, the U.S. will furnish Pakistan with $40 to $60 million in additional foreign aid to pay for the losses Pakistan may incur directly and indirectly from the stomach ailment's impact on her image. By the way, Administration officials have nothing but praise for Pakistan and President Yahya Khan. "They did us a real favor on this one," said one. "There are probably only two or three countries that would have done as good a job in keeping this quiet."

■ Among Democrats the big question is who'll get the Presidential nomination in 1972; among Republicans it's who, if Spiro Agnew is dropped, will replace him on the ticket. Up front and center this week, Republican National Chairman Robert Dole of Kansas. His assets: down-the-line support of the Administration both in the Senate and as GOP Chairman; wide exposure—he's one man that Republican leaders around the country think they can get to when they have a problem; and his appeal to the Right (he's a card-carrying conservative).

From the Administration's viewpoint, Dole has done a good job providing communication between the President and his constituency. It was Dole who managed to convey to the White House the sense of impending panic among Republican officeholders and party officials over the state of the economy. "The President had been overly isolated and overly secure on this one," says one critic within the Administration, "and Dole let him know just how serious the worries are."

■ On the other hand, for all the Vice Presidential possibilities that have been floated recently, Agnew may be about to draw his second wind. One of the side effects of the coming Peking trip is to make the President more dependent than ever on Mr. Agnew. For many conservatives, especially on the state and local level, the survival of Agnew has become a litmus test. If Agnew goes, they lose all faith in the Administration.

Some Republicans believe a nod from the President is all that would be needed to make Agnew withdraw. "He's that much of a party man." Others, among them many conservatives, believe Agnew will put up some kind of fight within the Administration or at least demand some concessions to conservatives from the President. —CATO

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to realize that Scott, Irwin and Worden, Yuri Gagarin, Alan Shepherd, John Glenn and Frank Borman, Gus Grissom and the Salyut Three are following in the footsteps of all the explorers that ever left home to discover what they used to call New Worlds. These men—astronauts and cosmonauts—have made the quantum jump into Space transcending the exploits of the great explorers of all time: Herodotus, Alexander, Marco Polo; Vasco da Gama rounding the Cape of Good Hope, Magellan beating his way around the tip of South America; Magellan, Cook, Cartier, Hudson, Champlain, Lewis and Clark, Richard Burton, Commodore Perry, Richard Byrd, Charles Lindbergh. Ponce de Leon, searching for the Fountain of Eternal Youth, Sir Edmond Hillary scaling Mt. Everest because it was there, the Cousteaus diving deeper than men had ever dived before to unravel the secrets of the seas.

But there are no mysteries on Earth, or in the Deep, to match the mysteries of Yonder. Space. Already, in a dozen years, they are making Space theirs. Already the astronauts seem to be feeling at home on the Moon. This time, like red-blooded American boys, they took along the flivver, that lunar jalopy that will be to future Rovers what the Stanley Steamer is to today's Mercedes-Benz. You could tell watching them—watching them in living color—that they are no longer tentative about the Moon, no longer in enemy territory. They're wary still, but they've got it pacified. They laugh when they have trouble getting a drill through the lunar crust (and Irwin's heartbeat has gone up to 160 a minute) and comment: Watch out or you'll let out all the air. You don't even notice the wonder of it all when a scientist at his console in Houston warns Irwin—yes, it's Irwin again—watch out bud, your foot is all tangled in that TV cable. Over a quarter of a million miles away that warning goes. They take the time, in the empty, breathless atmosphere of the Moon to drop a feather and a hammer and prove that old Galileo, leaning out of that crazy tower at Pisa, knew what he was doing.

Falcon blasts off the moon, and links up with Endeavor. They take another couple of days to photograph and map the Moon's surface. Launch a mini-satellite. Head home, away from the four small American flags that will sit unruffled, for all time, on the lunar surface. Blast out of lunar orbit, Earth-bound with such precision that they had to adjust their course only once in the next three days. And make a cannonball landing into the Pacific five miles from target.

Neil Armstrong, on the basis of Apollo 15, predicts flatly that there will be permanent space bases on the Moon long before the century is out. (Already a Mariner spaceship is streaking toward Mars to start the scientific

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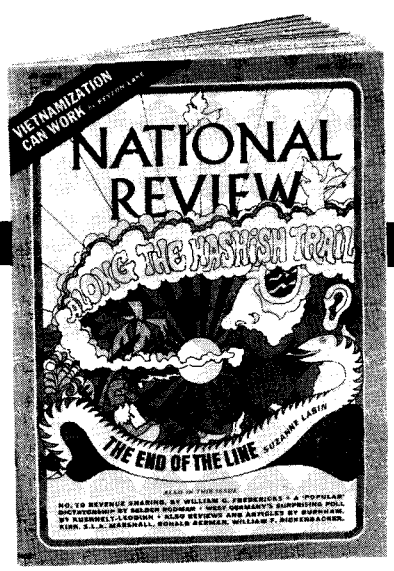

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mapping and charting that will open the way to further explorations.)

Whittaker Chambers said it years ago after the first moon rocket shot that failed. "Earth has become the shore of space." —PLB

Peking In. Taiwan Out?

"The United States," declared Secretary of State William Rogers August 2, "will support action at the General Assembly this fall calling for seating the People's Republic of China. At the same time the United States will oppose any action to expel the Republic of China or otherwise deprive it of representation." A certain skepticism has been expressed about whether he meant the second sentence quite as firmly as the first. We shall hope the skepticism is not justified.

The question of Taiwan's ouster is not in essence procedural or juridical, though discussion of it is and will be entangled in gallons of procedural and juridical verbiage. It is a political issue, an issue of power, interest, and will. As James Burnham pointed out in *NR*'s June 29 issue: "*The UN cannot do anything of serious import that the United States decides it shall not do.* . . . The President is free to decide what the UN will do about the China issue—or, more precisely, what it will *not* do. The responsibility will be his; he will not be able to offer any excuses, or blame anyone else."

Most American conservatives have, however reluctantly, reconciled themselves to the inevitability of Peking's being invited to become a UN member. They have not reconciled themselves to the expulsion, nor are they likely to.

Reston and Chou

The representative of the official U.S. Government, Mr. Henry Kissinger, had a lengthy discussion recently with Chou En-lai, and so it was only fitting that the Chinese premier entertain a representative of the countergovernment. In due course Mr. James Reston, vice president, chief columnist and staff philosopher of the *New York Times*, showed up in the Fukien Room of the Great Hall of the People in Peking.

Going miles beyond the requirements of diplomatic civility, Reston agreed with Chou that the U.S. had engaged in *a war of aggression* against Vietnam. Savor the following exchange:

CHOU: . . . And the American people are unhappy about the American casualties. We on our side feel they are needless casualties. But the Vietnamese people have suffered even greater casualties.

RESTON: I agree.

CHOU: Just take a look there and you can see that. Shouldn't we sympathize with them?

RESTON: Absolutely. It's a tragedy.

CHOU: So why shouldn't the United States stop its aggression?

RESTON: Yes. Now what do you think we should do to stop it?

Reston also agreed with Chou that the attacks by U.S. and ARVN forces on long-established Communist bases and supply routes in Cambodia and Laos represented *an expansion of the war*:

CHOU: . . . But in March last year, the peaceful rule of Samdech Norodom Sihanouk in Cambodia was subverted, and then the U.S. troops went in. Even your *New York Times* criticized that action.

RESTON: Especially the *New York Times*.

CHOU: And then this year there was the attack on Route 9. Isn't that an expansion of the war?

RESTON: Yes, I think so.

When he was not bootlicking in this way, Reston "gave away" the seat of Free China in the UN, "assuming," as he put it, "that . . . Taiwan will be expelled," but not even stopping there. Taiwan's fate, he agreed, was an internal Chinese matter: "The conditions and the principles of Chou En-lai on Taiwan, I think, can be met." And now savor Reston as practitioner of *Realpolitik*, insouciantly presiding over the destinies of millions: "You asked me before about what did I mean by favoring China and the end of the Taiwan relationship. It's very simple. We cannot resolve the problems in the world without China. It's just that simple. We can resolve the problems of the world without Taiwan. It's not a question of sentiment. It's a question of reality and power." (Repeat! the foregoing quote is from Reston, not from Chou.) Chou asketh and Reston giveth away, though he hesitated over the Philippines.

For his part, Chou made it clear that he fears Japanese power, particularly Japan's nuclear potential, and believes that Japan desires to replace the U.S. in both Taiwan and South Korea. The goal of his diplomacy, therefore, is to get the U.S. out of these places before the Japanese can get in, a) by gaining control over Taiwan and b) by "unifying" Korea. He also, with good reason, fears the "massive troops concentrated on our borders in the north."

Message from Reston to Chou from the interview as a whole: The countergovernment will be much more forthcoming than the present one. Therefore do everything possible to insure that it comes to power, and sooner rather than later.

From Out of the West

Washington Senator Henry M. (Scoop) Jackson, although still officially undeclared, is stepping up his pace to a speed that indicates he is seriously out after the ribbon. His form looked impressive, August 10, as he won standing ovations before and after his speech to the 1,700 delegates at the convention of the New York AFL-CIO. Federation President Raymond R. Corbett de-

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clared, after Jackson finished, that labor looked at him "as one of the brightest stars in the political arena. . . . You may very well be the answer to the American people's prayers."

What spurred the delegates' enthusiasm was the new-model populism that Senator Jackson is perfecting for his run: the blue-collar "workingman" substituting for the farmers of the original populism; a sturdy nationalism, as populism has always exhibited, with a stress on strengthening the nation's defenses; and the innovative addition of a strong law-and-order stand plus a sharp attack on "the absolutists of the Left." These absolutists of the Left, to whom some Democratic politicians "are pandering," Jackson told the delegates, "have turned their back on the workingman. . . . Their cocktail parties abound with snide jokes about 'hardhats' and 'ethnics.'" They denounce the law-and-order issue as phony, he went on, and pervert the environmental issue into an "attack on working people," an attempt "to stop economic growth, turn off technology, shut down factories, turn workers out and go back to the agrarian age." He repudiated the idea of "a party which gives any comfort whatever to people who applaud Vietcong victories or wave Vietcong flags."

As Senator Jackson has emerged into view over the past few months, this ideological fusion, or amalgam, is proving to have an attractive power considerably beyond the normal range of a politician known throughout his career as a leader of the congressional liberal wing. In a recent column, Evans and Novak write that "the Democrat the President believes would run best against him is Washington's Senator Jackson. . . . He feels Jackson's combination of bread-and-butter liberalism and hard-line anti-Communism would be toughest for him to defeat."

What's a Few Billion More?

One of the favorite buzz words among city planners and urban legislators these days is "mass transit." At the mention of any multibillion dollar program designed to advance the cause, smiles break out and wide-open palms are thrust forward. All we need to solve our transportation "problems," we are told, is several tens of billions in the next few years.

And a lot of money is on the way. The Urban Mass Transportation Act of 1970 contemplates spending $3.1 billion between now and 1975. The President's special revenue-sharing-for-transportation program calls for $525 million over the next twelve months.

Like most government spending programs, the mass-transit binge will undoubtedly aggravate some of the presumed problems it is supposed to "solve." For example, urban sprawl. By reducing commutation time, the mass-transit program will encourage the growth of housing developments and shopping centers even further from places of work. And any relief from the annoyance of traffic congestion will be minor and temporary. Since our citizens, like those of every other advanced industrial nation whose citizens are permitted some freedom to make their own decisions, have proved themselves ready to put up with long lines of creeping traffic in exchange for the satisfaction of moving about in their own air-conditioned, stereo-equipped space vehicles, there is good reason to believe they will continue to do so in the future.

If there really were a national consensus about a crisis in mass transit, then the President and Congress could adopt the logical and most efficient method of alleviating it: the introduction of a truly prohibitive tax on the purchase and operation of individually owned passenger automobiles, and the simultaneous liberalization of the taxes and restrictions that choke the development of private transport companies. Until that distant day arrives, however, the mass-transit crusade can be understood only as one more attempt by a small minority to get something for nothing. Anyway, what's a few billion more or less?

Gromyko Gets into the Act

Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko's quick trip to New Delhi for the shotgun signing of a Soviet-Indian Friendship Pact was obviously a countermove in the reshuffling of the Eurasian balance of power that was set into motion by Richard Nixon's Peking turn. But there are experienced observers who believe it had also a more critical and immediate concern.

Consider these surrounding incidents. The present Indian ambassador in Moscow, K. S. Shelvankar, is a newcomer. Shortly before Gromyko's trip, the very experienced former ambassador, D. P. Dhar, left secretly for Moscow. On August 1, just prior to his departure, Dhar met secretly in New Delhi with the Indian foreign secretary, two high intelligence officers, and Nikolai Pegov, the Soviet ambassador. During the week that followed it was rumored in New Delhi that Tajuddin Ahmed, Prime Minister of the "Provisional Government of Bangla Desh," was in town for secret meetings.

Add the facts that: 1) seven million East Bengal (Bangla Desh) refugees are now on Indian soil; 2) India cannot take care of them much longer; 3) Indian personnel is helping train and arm Bangla Desh "Mukhi Bahini" (freedom fighters), and they are actively operating in East Bengal, using Indian soil as sanctuary; 4) Indian and Pakistani regular soldiers have several times exchanged fire along the border, and been involved in refugee or guerrilla movements across it; 5) Pakistan units are poised on the Kashmir and West Pakistan border, as a counterweight to the clash in the East; 6) India's millions of Bengalis ardently sympathize with the troubles and support the aims of the Pakistani Bengalis; 7) on August 6, nearly a thousand members of the Jan Sangh, a Hindu nationalist party, were arrested in a

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mass demonstration they staged in favor of recognition of Bangla Desh.

The conclusion many serious persons have reached: that Gromyko came so suddenly because, apart from the longer-range balance-of-power matters, the Kremlin thinks the outbreak of war between India and Pakistan is imminent, and wanted to try to forestall it, but also to assure India of support if it comes.

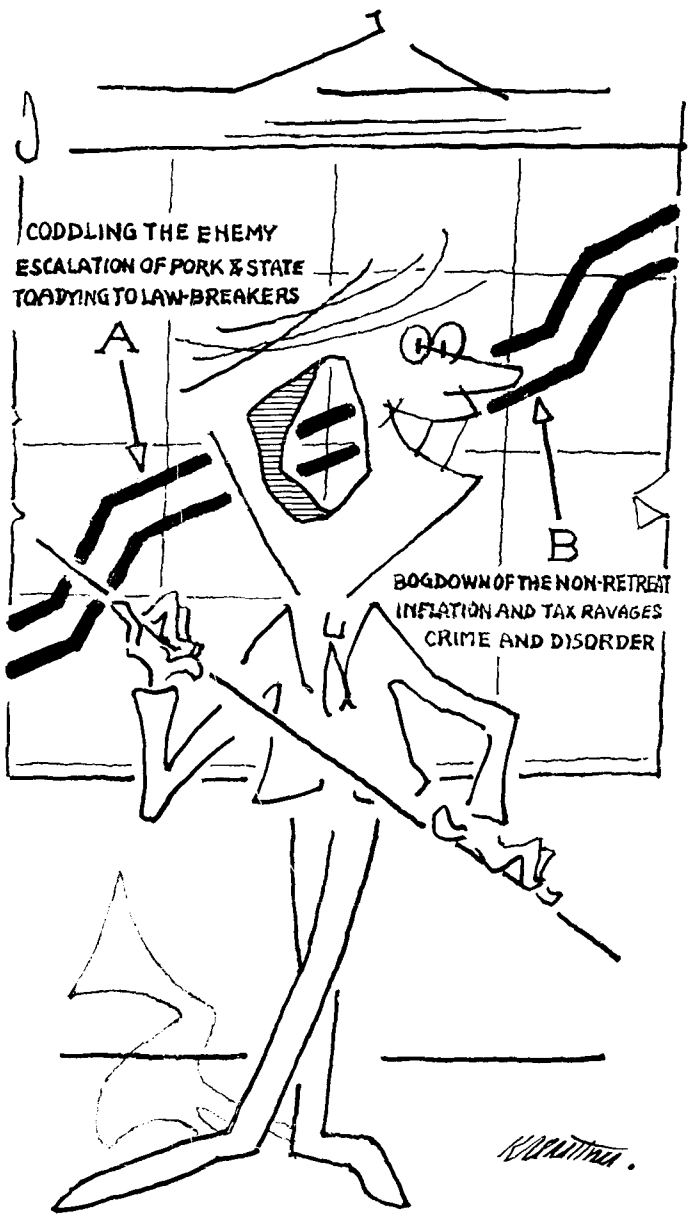
And as it happens, both Communist China and the United States have lined up, by and large, with Pakistan. It could make quite a war, if it starts.

Tristar Reprieve

Most of the arguments both for and against the Lockheed Assistance Plan were pitched at the customarily lofty ideological level, but when the division was called the lineup in House as in Senate was strictly in accord with the clamor of the local constituencies: Congressmen from districts and senators from states where Lockheed or any of its principal subcontractors have substantial operations were aye; and nay, those from localities where Lockheed's airbus competitor-teams, McDonnell-Douglas and General Electric, are prominent. It is far from clear though, how lasting a benefit to Lockheed, its owners, creditors and workers, not to speak of the public weal, its hair's-breadth victory in Congress will prove.

The sour taste in the rejoicing comes from the possibility, many would say strong probability, that the $250 million Lockheed can now borrow by virtue of the guarantee voted by Congress will not be enough to see Lockheed through the troubles that lie ahead. Lockheed has got to absorb a $200-million loss on the C-5A. The engine Rolls Royce is developing for the Tristar 1011 has had innumerable bugs and is untried. The orders on hand for the 1011 are much below the number needed to show a profit; there is no agreement, even, on how many more must be sold to get into the black, except that the figure is more than are in sight. With the Boeing 747 flying, the European short-range airbus on the way, a modified Boeing 727 now carrying two hundred passengers and the direct rival DC-10 going into service this month, many aeropace economists are convinced there is no place and no need left for the Tristar, and that all its subsidized production will accomplish may be to wreck the chances of the DC-10 to make a decent financial showing.

If the gloomier prophets are correct, it won't be too long before Lockheed will be coming back to Washington with cup again in hand. Probably not, however, before several other ailing companies, pleading the Lockheed precedent, get into the handout line.



"I'm Professor Sluicegates Openheart, governmental adviser on all subjects, and I've concluded that any similarity between Curve A and Curve B is purely coincidental!"

Back to the Drawing Board

The Soviet Union has had a bad spell in its relations with the Arab world. "You, Bubakr," shouted General Numeiry in Khartoum, "were appointed by the president of the so-called Revolutionary Council, by Abdul Khaliq Majub, Secretary of the Communist Party, which has been wiped out in the Sudan. . . ." The unhappy Bubakr quickly followed Mahjub and the other Communists to the firing squad as the Soviet news agency Tass denounced the "bloody terror" and the "anti-Communist hysteria" sweeping the Sudan.

Nudged from power for three days by the Communists, General Numeiry found instant allies in Col. Qadaffi of Libya and Prime Minister Sadat of Egypt. Qadaffi is a devout Moslem who, when not putting pressure on the oil companies, is denouncing the Communists as the enemies of Islam. Over in Cairo, Sadat was fresh from crushing his own pro-Soviet coup, and Ali Sabri and the other conspirators, facing trial for high treason, are not

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being much solicited by life-insurance salesmen. In Syria, popular anti-Communist sentiment has enabled President Hafiz Asad to overturn the strongman Salah Jadid, who favored increased dependence on Moscow, and the comment from Damascus on the Syrian coup was pungent: "What the Communists did in the Sudan," said the foreign minister, "can be considered blatant imperialist interference."

So it's back to the drawing board, and some changes in personnel may be in store for the Kremlin's Arab desk. None of which, however, detracts from the significance of the advanced Soviet weapons and large numbers of Soviet personnel accumulating in Egypt, or from the chilling Soviet naval buildup in the Mediterranean.

Notes & Asides

■ *Herewith a few of the more sober comments on Their Papers and Ours.*

■ *From Robert L. Pflatzgraff Jr.*

Following the example of the *New York Times* and exercising the newly won prerogative of the Fourth Estate to determine that publication of "Top Secret" materials would not endanger national security, the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW published a series of "documents" on the Vietnam war.

The NATIONAL REVIEW "documents" provide insights into the conduct of the Vietnam conflict which are absent from the "Pentagon Papers" of the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*. While the latter contain little that any diligent student of U.S. policy in Southeast Asia could not have learned from materials already in the public domain and furnish at best a partial picture of the formulation of U.S. policy, the value of the NATIONAL REVIEW "documents" lies in their analysis of how the Vietnam conflict might have been fought or avoided, and the essential preconditions for success in combatting or avoiding future conflicts à la Vietnam.

From the NATIONAL REVIEW "documents," the following propositions emerge:

1) The conflict in Southeast Asia could not be fought in isolation from its global context. While the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations pursued a policy of détente with the Soviet Union, they fought in Southeast Asia against forces whose principal source of supplies was the Soviet Union. At the very least, the essential precondition for U.S. détente with Moscow should have been the termination of Soviet military assistance to North Vietnam. Under the circumstances of U.S. détente policy as it evolved in the 1960s, the U.S. Government could not present to the American people a plausible explanation of its Vietnam policy and the national interest, which led to the later disenchantment with our Vietnam policy in the United States, while we continued to seek détente with the Soviet Union.

2) The conduct of war by a democracy requires clarity of purpose, precision in the definition and articulation of objectives, and speed in the implementation of strategies designed to ensure their attainment. The incrementalist strategy adopted by the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations lacked all three essential features. It would have been remarkable indeed for the American people, in the absence of a plausible explanation of the significance of the Vietnam conflict within the context of over-all U.S. national interest, to have approved participation in a protracted war that, with each passing year, brought deepening involvement with little prospect of quick success. As the NATIONAL REVIEW "documents" indicate, the American value system emphasizes the attainment of successful results quickly and "when such improvement is not forthcoming, dysfunctioning, both individual and systemic, is likely to result."

3) In the absence of essential preconditions such as those outlined above, the United States should not have entered the Vietnam conflict on a massive scale. Thus the United States entered the Vietnam war for the wrong reasons and chose the wrong tactics, hardly a combination designed to crown U.S. policy in Southeast Asia with resounding success. Under such circumstances, it is remarkable that the United States in recent years has registered whatever limited success it has in assisting the people of South Vietnam to develop a political system which provides an alternative to the model propounded by the followers of Ho Chi Minh.

Whatever the intention of their authors, the NATIONAL REVIEW "documents" provide a critique of past U.S. policy. Without necessarily subscribing to all of the policy options contained in the papers, it is to be regretted that these "documents" were not in fact a part of the official "Pentagon Papers." There is much that U.S. policymakers could have learned from them which might have altered the tragic history of the period through which we have passed.

(Mr. Pflatzgraff is Associate Professor of International Politics at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Tufts University.)

■ *From William R. Kintner*

A paradox of our permissive society is that it employs a wide range of standards as to what is permissible. The delight expressed by the newspaper fraternity over the *New York Times*' "courageous" publication of the purloined Pentagon Papers and the dismay registered by the same brethren over Bill Buckley's publication of fake Top Secret documents illustrates the confusion implicit in America's present code of permissiveness.

And since the editorial pages of our newspapers help set what is left of the moral tone in this country, their flexible interpretation of the doctrine of permission must

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be understood if we mortal men are to guide our conduct rightly.

The basic facts are simple and clear. The owners and editors of the *New York Times*, in their own privileged discussions, took upon themselves the authority to inform the public of confidential information illegally obtained. When the government obtained an injunction against the *New York Times*, the Supreme Court, by a 6 to 3 decision, permitted the *Times* to resume publication of this purloined material.

From the editorial and courtroom statements made by media representatives concerning this case, one would think that the American tradition of a free press was under life-and-death assault by the implacable forces of tyranny and totalitarianism.

The amount of the stolen goodies (47 volumes) was so lengthy and of such uneven quality that it was quite easy for Bill Buckley to produce a few classified nuggets of his own manufacture that presumably escaped Ellsberg's soul-searching. When Buckley announced his trickery the Fourth Estate howled with indignation—the *Washington Post* called this action "a stunt well worthy of a college mag" but confessed that "we were had." The *Post*'s chagrin was

> not much relieved by the fact that a great many others were similarly taken in; the fact also is that some were not. . . . it seems to us that in our business there is, or ought to be, a rather considerable distinction to be made between documents, or any other material, that are authentic and those that are frauds.

In addition, the *Post* might well recall the admonition of a distinguished U.S. senator regarding all documents: "Just because it's published doesn't necessarily mean it's true." This possibility does not seem to have occurred to any of the distinguished American newspapers that selectively published from the Pentagon Papers.

The Fourth Estate was chagrined, indignant and hurt by the Buckley trickery. The press moguls solemnly declared that the American press cannot perform its self-appointed function if it too is subject to criticism and ridicule. The leaders of the Fourth Estate must have realized that if the public learns that our newspapermen cannot immediately tell a genuine stolen Top Secret document from a fake one, they would lose their credibility.

What is to be done? Bill Buckley, who the *Post* concedes is a journalist "colleague in a manner of speaking," could be denied access to the National Press Club for six months following the date of his fraud. Or, better still, he might be awarded the Order of Freedom for protecting what is left of our national security secrets. For if American journalists cannot tell the real Top Secret McCoy from the fake ones, there is a good chance that foreign agents will not be able to either.

A final suggestion: Both the *New York Times* and NATIONAL REVIEW should be challenged to publish the confidential discussions in which the *Times* management took its momentous decision to publish all the classified information it could beg, borrow or steal, and the discussion which led to Buckley's wilful misdemeanor in publishing ersatz Pentagon Papers. If this challenge is responded to negatively, perhaps the once common, civilized practice of treating privileged discussions and communications as privileged might be restored.

(Dr. Kintner is Director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute in Philadelphia.)

■ *From Stefan T. Possony*

NATIONAL REVIEW's Vietnam papers—"informed forgeries" of the best kind—usefully supplement and correct the Pentagon Papers (PP). *NR* gives proper weight to psychological factors, shows the necessity of efficient and professional conduct of war, and provides superior insight into the nature of the Communist aggression. Some *NR* ideas can be found in PP, but for the most part *NR*'s type of realism is lacking in the Pentagon record; it is evident in many documents that the plant of strategic success was budding but never was allowed to bloom. If *NR* thinking had prevailed, Communist aggression in Vietnam would have long since been overcome, and Asia would be a more peaceful place.

The PP by no means display complete nincompoopism. Some of the papers are brilliant. But most of them reveal that our politicians play-acting as Marlboroughs, Napoleons and Lincolns lacked courage and willpower. Their professional advisers often lacked imagination and adaptability to new problems.

The PP suggest several specific causes of our discomfiture.

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1. The military had no real concept of how to fight offensive and defensive people's wars. They tried to handle their task through masses of troops and equipment and ended up overextending available resources.

2. There is no agency (which would have to be a combined military-civilian outfit) that knows how to preserve political loyalty in countries under attack or to re-integrate national will against chaos created by bad government or by guerrillas.

3. Quantitative force requirements often were miscalculated or ignored in the planning of our operations and in the programming of the ARVN. (We are making exactly the same mistake today in our nuclear armaments.)

4. Our offensive use of guerrilla techniques was inadequate in conception and execution. For example, we could have done a far better job in cutting the Ho Chi Minh Trail on the ground. Coordination between aerial and ground interdiction was poor, partly because of erratic decisionmaking in Washington.

5. The strength of Communist will was greatly underrated and the superiority of Communist operational skill remains unacknowledged. By contrast, Communist material and economic power as well as their ideological attraction have been greatly overrated.

6. We have the "mostest" and "bestest" experience in air warfare but we forgot about air control. Since we deemed this concept to be obsolete, we suffered rather extraordinary losses to ground-to-air weapons. Our technology proved insufficient to handle the (fully predicted) air defense challenge. We violated the basic rules of target selection. We were confused about the objectives of the bombing effort—was it to interdict the flow of guerrillas and logistics from North to South Vietnam or was it to "break the will" of the Hanoi politburo?

7. Psychological warfare was conducted bureaucratically, was constructed locally, and generally was denied the scope and the inspiration it needed.

8. Morale building within the U.S. was not even attempted. The very suggestion that the American people could and should be made to understand what it was all about, was rejected—knowledge of the issues might create a war "fever" in America and lead to the demand that we win this war. That war without public support, nay enthusiasm, is infeasible, apparently never occurred to the top planners.

9. For a few plausible and for many bad reasons we excluded most of the most promising strategic options, including operations which would have avoided killing, e.g., mechanical blocking of shipping channels, the obstruction of mountain passes by effective ground demolitions, and naval quarantine (which would have been one of our best bets). Small tactical nuclear weapons were ruled out a priori, though they could have decided the conflict rapidly and with far fewer casualties. Not knowing what we could do efficiently, we instituted the most expensive and the slowest moving strategy we could devise—the least bang for the most buck.

10. None of the "principals" who made the main decisions was exclusively concerned with the war: For all of them the war was a sideshow. There was nobody at the top who commanded this war as his only responsibility. There was no unity of command; no concern for initiative and fast reaction; and no one except the civilians in the White House was exercising real command prerogatives.

11. The "decisionmakers" knew the meaning of American defeat quite well and, with few exceptions, remained convinced that Communist aggression must be stopped. Yet this abstract belief never became concrete and never resulted in forming a strong will. We hoped to bribe Hanoi with the Mekong River project and to break Ho's will through sporadic air attacks which were designed *not* to hurt seriously.

Our definition of "win" was that we must "succeed in demonstrating to the VC that they cannot win" (John T. McNaughton). Yet this very demonstration also would have shown that the Communists can't lose—hence there was no incentive for Hanoi to cease and desist.

(Mr. Possony is a fellow of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace.)

■ *And from other assorted readers' correspondence.* "I grinned all the way through the morning's revelations that NATIONAL REVIEW's very own secret documents were the product of several fertile imaginations at work in your office. Thanks to you and the 35th Street Gang for injecting a good yuck into the too sober acceptance of the Pentagon Papers" (James L. Murphy). . . . "It was a great idea" (Margaret Slicer). . . . "My first reaction to the headlines was Oh no! What's he doing? Then I began to read and if you'll pardon my saying so, most of the 'secrets' read just like *NR* editorials. The trouble with most *New York Times* and *New York Post* readers is that they only read those publications and not *NR*. Good luck and I hope you can get your head off the chopping block where you so eagerly placed it" (Mary Saluoto). . . . "The 'hoax' which you, primarily abetted by unnamed editors, deliberately foisted upon your readers and the general public was despicable. I shall not cry 's h a m e'—No, that indignant rebuke must be reserved for the less amoral miscreants" (R. H. Harlow). . . . "I loved you madly before. But if you keep

George Meany Says It's OK

John Maynard Keynes is Holy Writ.
We run a whopping deficit.
For welfare, we're proposing FAP.
The market's falling off the map.
They're laying off more personnel.
A wage and price freeze? What the hell.

W. H. VON DREELE

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on with stunts like 'The Secret Papers,' you'll have me leaving my husband and children and running to New York to become a William Buckley 'groupie'" (Janet Bain). . . . "I read NATIONAL REVIEW because I have always felt that it is the one publication on a national level that is nonconformist. And it distresses me too when I find I have been 'hoaxed' by this kind of publication" (Gardner McCartney). . . . "Hate you, hate you, hate you. Spent two days in this far-off corner of Spain arduously copying out portions of your Pentagon Papers to use in my fall lecture series when the *Paris Herald* finally limped in with the news that it was all so untrue" (F. R. Buckley). . . . "Bless you, bless you, bless you" (Myrle Woodward). . . . "LBJ and you sure make a pair to draw to. The vacuum is in your head. It's too bad that the good Lord gave you so much power and so little brains to know how to use that power" (Julius Schaefer). . . . "Cancel my subscription [CMS] immediately" (David Smith). . . . "In my judgment the press is going to have to make a miraculous comeback in order to recover from this hoax since it showed the true side of liberalism. All I can say is 'Bravo!' and continued success in the hoaxing of the liberal Establishment" (Edward Mullins). . . . "My first reaction was a vision of you watching the same news program [Walter Cronkite] and laughing and laughing and rolling on the floor, calling for Orson Welles to move on over. Then IT began. A tiny particle, the mere sliver of doubt began to work its way into my conviction. I went so far as to consider the cancellation of my subscription and immediately broke into the cold sweat of insecurity. NO NO NO. I simply had to keep the faith. A little later my husband bounded in the room with the morning paper. And there it was, at the top of page two, what I knew would be there, what HAD to be there: 'BUCKLEY SAYS DOCUMENTS STORY HOAX.' My joy was a wonder to behold. But oh, how close you came to really blowing it for me. . . . I'll forgive you scaring me. Deal? But, please. I beg of you. DON'T DO IT AGAIN" (Jane Weisman). . . . "I can only conclude that NATIONAL REVIEW received a Teddy-gram ordering it to self-destruct, and promptly executed the order. Perhaps Walter Bedell Smith's comment (slightly modified) on the Ludendorff Bridge is a fitting epitaph for *NR*: 'WHILE NR LASTED IT WAS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.' CMS, Immediately" (Walter Scott). . . . "Please enter a year's subscription for each of my three sons" (O. C. Doering Jr.). . . . ". . . and by the way, whatever happened to the real Pentagon Papers? Haven't heard boo about them in weeks. Cause and effect?" (Robert Partridge). . . . "For the first time in recent memory, my copy of *NR*, already tattered, has a waiting list. One wants to suggest inventive encores, but *NR* seems to be precluded from future such capers—for a while" (William Dowd). . . . "OK. So now you've joined the new American way of life: Cheat, lie, deceive, tamper as long as you make it" (David Arons). . . . "I have never been one of your admirers: quite the contrary in fact. But I stand up and cheer at your hoax which puts the press in a ridiculous position, much deserved. Thank you for a real contribution to my happiness" (Richard Newhall). . . . "Mon dieu" (C de G).

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I have just had the ineffable pleasure of reading John Greenway's brilliant review of Norman Mailer's *The Prisoner of Sex*, which comes (as so many of your journal's reviews do) as a corrective to the pusillanimous considerations of Mailer appearing in the effusions of the Eastern Liberal Literary Establishment. Here at last we have an honest and sober evaluation of Mailer. To the latter point I have to commend your probity in permitting the review to be published; I have seen you show mercy to Mailer on *Firing Line*, as you have done with Abdullah Bulbul Amir, the peace-loving fighting Ay-rab. I can appreciate your tolerance of these people; in their proper places they make excellent pets. I used myself to keep toads when I was younger.

I must not take up too much of your valuable time, but I wish you could persuade Mr. Greenway to do more work for NATIONAL REVIEW. It would be my guess he would appreciate the opportunity; with his stalwart independence I cannot imagine him being employed by the tropismatic periodicals. A bloody genius like this fellow should be turned loose upon this evil world. Even in the small space Mr. Meyer constrained to give him for this review I can guess that he must also be a great folk-singer, carpenter (and *carpender-aliquem maledico dente*), former professor of English, editor of the *Journal of American Folklore*, Indian fighter, proletarian, philosopher, swordsman, patriot, poet, bon vivant, author, bronco buster and tough old cop.

Would it be possible for you to have your Circulation Manager send me, with bill, six copies of the 27 July issue of *NR*? All our city's news agents are sold out of that issue, no doubt because of Mr. Greenway's review.

As if there weren't enough hoaxes for one month, this appreciation is signed "John Greenway." **—WFB**

Sorry about That

Whenever I mention the Moon
To people below 25,
I feel like a dirty spittoon
In some even dirtier dive.
They're all for perfuming the slums;
They're totally bored about space.
And so they've been beating their gums
To get us to give up the race.
Admittedly, slums are a sight.
(I never go slumming past 10:00.)
But after you scour the blight
They always get dirty again.

W. H. VON DREELE

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JAMES BURNHAM

The Protracted Conflict

THE BRITISH VIETNAM

The following article was written prior to the major outbreaks in Northern Ireland that followed initiation of the "internment" policy. —ED.

In August 1969 small units of regular British troops arrived in Northern Ireland. They had been preceded, according to contemporary custom, by experts, instructors, special police and security officers, intelligence agents etc., whose number had been building up since the preceding summer, when riots bringing injuries, deaths and property damage had begun.

By August 1971 the number of regular British troops had escalated to 11,900, and is rising. For a place as small as Northern Ireland—5,451 square miles, with a population of about 1.5 million—that is a lot of soldiers. Proportionate to area, 11,900 soldiers in Northern Ireland equal 160,000 in South Vietnam.

Along with the numbers, the British army, in its "graduated response," has escalated its tactics. At first it hoped to appear as a restrained peacemaker, supplementing the local police in keeping demonstrations within reasonable bounds. When the first troops arrived, the Catholic neighborhoods, which had been taking a bad beating from the Protestant militants, looked on the soldiers as protectors. For a while the riots and violence quieted.

But not for long. The Catholic masses soon became persuaded that nothing was going to be done about removing the political, social and economic discriminations that had touched off the 1968 demonstrations. Thus the British troops were metamorphosed, in their eyes, into the defenders of the Protestant regime and Protestant privilege. And the Catholic militants, in Eire as well as Northern Ireland, had no intention of permitting the dust to settle. The IRA expanded and toughened its cadres. An activist wing (the "provisionals," ambiguous in ideology but Guevarist in practice) split off from the "officials" (with a more orthodox, less "adventurist" Marxist policy). After bitter and bloody internal struggle (which still continues) the provisionals won control of most of the Catholic neighborhoods.

Beginning last autumn, violence increased rapidly. At first much of it, including a number of assassinations, was incidental to the struggle between provisionals and officials, but soon more and more of it involved the British troops. For months explosions have been averaging two or three a day. Booby traps wreck British trucks and personnel carriers, often with injuries and loss of life. Bridges are blown. Fire bombs have caused millions of dollars of damage to offices, stores, pubs and houses. Cars and buses are overturned and burned. "Nail bombs" have become a favorite weapon. When crowds gather, women and children are often in the front ranks, throwing rocks and bombs as well as curses. Guerrilla raids have penetrated even police stations and troop headquarters.

Incremental Escalation

Inevitably the response of the troops stiffens. A new type of rubber bullet, along with CS-gas, did fairly well for a while, but lately the bullets have been metal, and have been killing some of their targets—including, inevitably, some apparently innocent victims, as in the case of a young man whose delivery truck, a fortnight ago, made the mistake of backfiring at a British soldier. Operating under the Special Powers Act, more or less equivalent to martial law, sudden raids by squads of soldiers sweep through a house at two or three in the morning, searching down to baby's blanket and granny's shawl. Spot checks, roadblocks, surprise sweeps are now routine.

In July the IRA "declared war" on the British army and government. Some time ago it had opened up a front in England, where large arms caches have been uncovered and the homes and cars of a number of officials bombed, presumptively by IRA agents. Twenty-four hour police guard has been assigned to several cabinet members. At the beginning of August, Home Secretary Reginald Maudling affirmed "the determination of Her Majesty's Government to suppress violence and terrorism and to maintain the constitutional position of Northern Ireland . . . by whatever means may be necessary." On August 9 Maudling announced "internment"—i.e., roundup and detention without juridical process.

On August 5 the analogy with Vietnam had completed another critical arc of its circle. It was a Labor Party government, in August 1969, that had sent the first troops to Northern Ireland, on the finding of necessity by Labor's Home Secretary, James Callaghan. Now, two years later, with Labor in opposition, Callaghan rose in Commons to declare himself turned dove: despairing over the situation in Northern Ireland, and wondering whether the only solution is not—for all British troops to get out, and let the Irish settle matters among themselves.

Whatever British military withdrawal and consequent Celtization might bring to Northern Ireland, it could not be peace. The lines are too much hardened, and the struggle too far advanced. The Catholics, convinced that no acceptable solution can come from a Northern Ireland or a London government, want a united Ireland. Their militants have turned to armed struggle to get it. The Protestants, who judge they would lose their privileges in a united Catholic-dominated Ireland, and who are besides patriotic Britishers, want to keep Northern Ireland within the United Kingdom. How can these aims be reconciled? And how, once it has heated up and been fueled with so much blood, can the struggle be pacified without a decision?

The alarming element, as in all these conflicts in our time, is the fact that, when the responsible forces stumble and despair, the barbarians take over. There are more and more among the IRA activists who are interested less in a "united" than a revolutionary socialist and Communist Ireland. Have we not heard as much even from the lips of little mother Devlin? □

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LETTER FROM MADRID

An aficionado is what Mr. Buckley is, or was,
an ole hollerer with the best of them a dozen years ago.
But now the fiestas are a sham; both bulls and matadors unworthy.
They should be banned, he concludes. Sadly

Sham in the Bullring

F. REID BUCKLEY

CAN SPRING be far behind? I mean, we're damned near into summer, now, the grass is riz, the birdies biz, and us poor kiddies in Madrid is all but friz.

It's the 25th of May. The orgy of bull-killing scheduled for the Feria de San Isidro is about midcarnage through. And it drizzles. It hails. A Lower Slobbovian wind sweeps off the snow-crusted Guadarrama mountains. *Plus ça change* from miserable weather to worse, *plus c'est la même merde* in Las Ventas Plaza. That is, what parade for matadors in Spain today are bull-slingers, and the no-no they sling is that mechanical, unvarying and ritualized bore—faenas as imaginative as an Eastern Airlines meal. The animals are fumble-footed Ferdinands. The fiesta is a mockery, a national disgrace, a stomach-turning, utterly indefensible spectacle.

About this time last May, I was optimistic. Wrote a piece for you folks. Terminated it: "Never give up on a stinking ship." Some zealous CE dropped the t, which I ought now make use of to hang myself from. I gave you the wrong scoop, you see. *Give* up on the stinking ship. It is rotten right through. The animals remain inoffensive three year olds, cruelly slaughtered (without art, majesty or drama; and without honor) by no-goods whose single interest is scalping the public. Do not give them your money. For God's sake don't lend them your ears, because they'll take just about anything these days. Blame the ignorant, gullible public (tourist *and* Spanish) as much as you care. Blame the greedy impresarios, who don't give a damn how they fill the arenas, so long as they keep filling them. And blame the breeders, unhappy about the situation yet amyelonic, who supply the lambs. But blame most

of all the matadors. They are, after all, the *summi sacerdotes* of tauromachia. They ought to be thrown into the prison of Carabanchel for fraud—these despicable, cowardly, money-grubbing and, yes, utterly shameless allotropes of charlatanism who have destroyed the fiesta. There is no courage in a *manoletina*. executed before a befuddled weanling. There is no art in a *naturale* dragged out on shaven horns. There can be no drama and no majesty in a *redondo* strained through with virtual steers that have to be lifted by the loose hide of the neck to keep them from expiring on the spot. Honor? What a bellylaugh! Honor—in plunging one's sword any old how and usually sideways through the carcass of a half-dead creature whose tongue is lolling piteously out of its mouth, who is micturating and defecating in a soup of terror, and who spouts goblets of carmine blood from the deep, fist-thick punctures in its shoulders with every exhausted heave of the flanks? It's all a fake; and a crueler, bloodier display of fakery never existed. Bullfighting has become a moral monstrosity.

Oh, all right, I'm in a damn poor mood. You might be too if every last one of your geraniums had drowned, or had you just stepped out of a taxi ankle-deep into where dogs are curbed. Are matters irretrievable in the gutter? Last June, Paco Camino fought six bulls in a single afternoon; and gave a magisterial performance reminding the people of Madrid what bullfighting should be about. This year, Antonio Bienvenida and Luis Miguel Dominguín are coming back. They are a fat lot of good. That is, both are plenty good, but at fifty and 45 respectively, overweight, slowed, beyond recovering their glory. It's physically not possible, save for the isolated faena. And the bulls will be no better: no more matured, no stronger. Not even Bienvenida's honesty, nor Luis Miguel's haughty dominion of the art, will suffice to extrude some emotion out of the agony of today's poor, tortured beasties.

WANT to save the fiesta? Expose horses to the horns.

Have you ever seen a wild, Iberian fighting bull? Do you know what happens when there is a *bull* in the ring? Lemme tell you: fear. Fear happens. Fear scoops its ghastly void out of your guts. Some ten years ago, my petite, acerbic, redhaired love of an amanuensis, Teleca Martinez-Irujo, and I played hooky from work to watch Antonio Ordoñez fight, then in his incomparable prime. I had a second interest. Manolo Vázquez was returning to the arena after a bad goring and a full season away. A skilled artist, he had intro-

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duced me to the caping of calves; but every time I went to watch him at his trade, I suffered by empathy his terrible dread of the animals. How would he do now in this comeback?

THE BULLS were not much larger in those days. Many, especially from Salamanca, lost steam at the first thrust of the picador's lance, falling over their forefeet and hooking the sand with their horns in grotesque somersaults. They were, nevertheless, on the whole, better. One did occasionally see a bull weighing six hundred kilos (1,320 lbs.), and these were able to lift horse and picador on their massive carapaces and toss them into the callejón. I forget the first bull of this afternoon. I was studying Manolo Vásquez—that thin, prognathic profile under the old-fashioned wearing of the hair, his patent-leather locks parted low on one side and plastered over the convexity of the skull—studying that dreadful pallor as he stood meditatively to one side of the action, cape folded and held close to his breast, abstracted as he waited for the brass blare that would trumpet in his bull.

The gate of the toril was swung wide, and out the animal trotted, to halt, to lift its muzzle and test the late afternoon sun, a new moon of gold on the sand against which shadows bulged and across which skimmed swallows. The bull stood there planted; and a hoarse inhalation of breath swept round the ring, like the suck of air before a storm. That collective breath was held in those thousands of lungs, seeping out bit by bit with the crepitation of awe. For here was a *bull*, a great, Cretan beast of a fighting bull, immense, well over six hundred kilos, yet svelte in the flanks, in the plenteous fighting trim of its fifth spring. The animal was dun-colored, I remember that; and I remember that paleolithic pair of horns, each thirty inches long at least, held with a pride and defiance that was nothing less than regal.

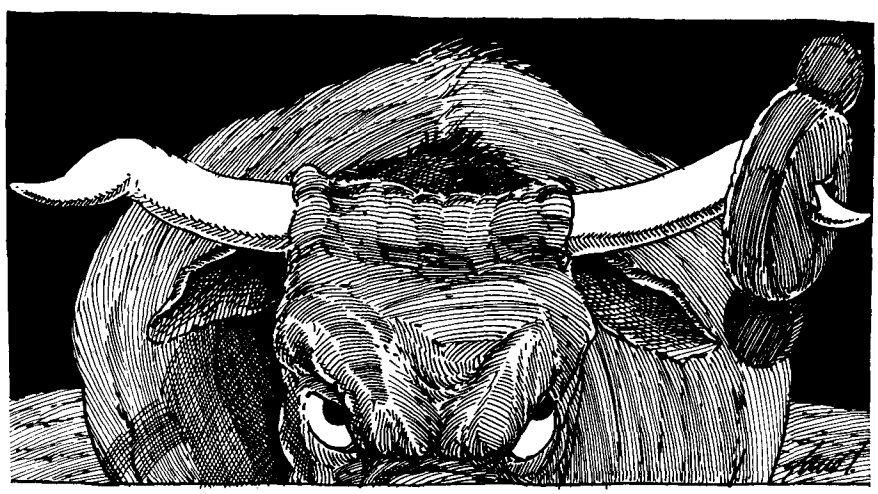
There was total silence in the arena. I searched out Manolo Vázquez. He had taken cover behind a burladero across the way. Even at that distance his face shone corpselike. For moments, nothing happened. Then Vázquez's peons recollected themselves, flicking their capes out for the bull.

Vázquez himself remained behind the boards, watching. The ferocity of the beast's attack must have chilled him. It chilled us. There was an electric crackle as those horns tore the air out from under capes. The trumpet blew for the picadors. At the sight of them, the bull wheeled, barreling into the first horse with a thud that shook the plaza and barreling it right over. The unfortunate scarecrow did not rise, killed by the sheer impact of the blow—by the concussion. Now there was palpable fear in the arena. The crowd was gripped by it, held silent. We had scarcely the time to absorb what happened. The bull had wheeled again, charging the second horse, thudding into the protective mattress and crushing man and mount against the side of the ring. There it jabbed once with its left horn and then hooked hard with the needle-pointed right horn, piercing the quilt through and driving to the heart of the horse, which shuddered, buckled, and fell in a sudden heap, stone cold dead.

And now, scuttling across the ring toward the bull in that nearly pathetic, duckfooted gait, came Manolo Vázquez. There was death in his face, and death in his dark eyes, but he unfoiled the cerise-and-yellow, drawing the killer away from the helpless, terrified picador in a marvelous *quite* that he prestidigitated into a sequence of long, slow, passionate *verónicas*, seducing that hill of bone and muscle into a pantomine, a deathlock, a metaphor of mortal beauty in which man and animal shared. There were no *olés*, none of the routine vociferations extracted from the spectators of today like so many candy bars from coin machines. There were a few gasps. There were a few pleading *No! No! No!* sounds: begging Manolo Vázquez, don't get so close, don't take chances with that monster. Because this *was* a bull, a real *toro de lidia*, a fighting bull, from the times of Joselito, and we were none of us used to that.

A bull that has killed in the arena—that has plunged its horns at least once into the gristle of horse or man, that has scented the blood and snuffed in the reek of death—grows through the battle. Previously it is a killer only in potential. Now it has murdered, and it becomes more murderous with each passing moment. Now it has assured itself of what its horns can deal. This bull was scarcely lanced at all, despite repeated attempts. It hit too hard. Panic puckered up the picadors. With this creature, they weren't able to lean their weight against the shaft and twist and gyrate the stubby iron point into the tossing muscle, mangling the animal. I groaned inside, thinking of the faena to come, when Vázquez would exchange the long cape for the short muleta.

AS HE REACHED for his sword and shook out the red flannel, the crowd groaned inside, thinking of the farce to I heard voices yell—"Kill it at once!" It would be no disgrace. Instead, Vázquez summoned all the acquired skill of twenty years. He doubled that great bull in a series of short and choppy passes, burying its muzzle in the cloth. He then drew back and began the faena proper, progressing from *derechazos* to *naturales*, drawing the animal tighter and tighter to him. This, remember, was no overstuffed sheep. I repeat, this was a *bull*, a proved killer, an animal with all its faculties intact and with an unsatiated bloodlust pulsing in its massive withers. Now genuine *olés* began thundering out of the stands. Vázquez—face white, white, white—



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was performing the faena of his career. He would triumph, or he would die.

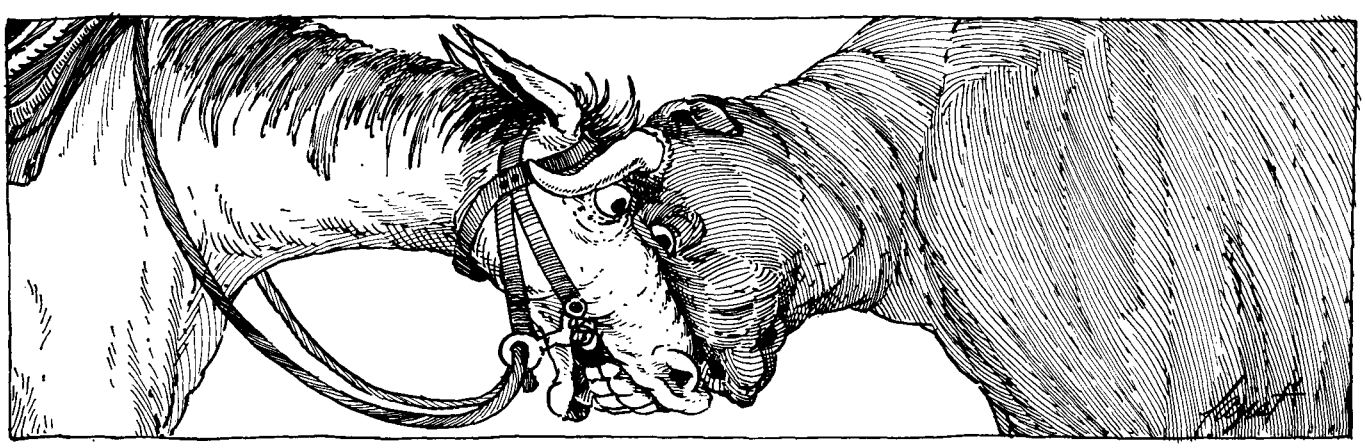
As he pivoted in a *manoletina*, the point of the right horn caught on the flannel, wrestling the muleta out of Vázquez's grasp. This is a technical fault—a count against the matador. I saw Vázquez grimace with irritation. He did not want his great faena ruined. He ran after the bull on those awkward splayed feet, reaching for the fluttering cloth and yanking back on it. He tripped and fell.

The bull jerked about, on Vázquez at once. And then began a sequence of slow motion horror I shan't ever forget, one scarring me so that I now wince at the slightest premonition of danger in the ring; with which, unpleasantly (those premonitions), I seem to be prophetically blessed. Upon falling, Vázquez had frozen prone on his belly, face cupped in his hands, elbows digging into his sides, legs stiff and straight behind him. The bull wasn't deceived. It lowered over him a moment; and then, almost delicately, picked at Vázquez's left eye with the point of its left horn. Vázquez's head was jerked up like a puppet's, to snap back on the sand. Again and again this happened, until one saw blood start flowing down Vázquez' left cheek. Everyone seemed paralyzed. Vázquez had chosen the center of the arena for his bravura. No one was close to him; no one seemed capable of moving. Then the bull came hooking down in an arc of light with the lethal right horn, the killing horn, piercing Vázquez through the thick of one thigh and lofting the man's whole body like a sack of potatoes, like a bag of feathers, twirling Vázquez round and round. Now Ordoñez and others were catalyzed into action, racing out from burladeros and toward their comrade. They were late. The bull—because this was a *bull*, a killer, a *toro de lidia*—was on Vázquez again almost at once, driving that right horn hard at the matador's back. The thrust missed, gouging up sand; and at that moment a panting Ordoñez slashed his cape between Vázquez's body and the muzzle, luring the beast away. Peons crowded around the fallen man, trying to lift him. In shock, in a daze, in passion, Vázquez shoved them away from him; and then went lurching drunkenly about, searching for his muleta, screaming crazed commands. He was overpowered, dragged away. Ordoñez killed the bull as soon as he was able—making no pretense at entering as one ought, lunging at it wide and from the side. Four bulls remained to be fought. They had might as well not existed. We had seen a true bull, and the awesome panic of it abided with us.

How false are the embellishments we ordinarily watch. When Vázquez that afternoon adorned his aborted faena with *manoletinas*, they had been earned, they meant something, hazarded as they were against an animal whose withers reached the man's forehead. A single *naturale* achieved by Vázquez on that afternoon was worth ten dozens of the ears so freely distributed today.

I said that bullfighting has become a moral monstrosity. It was never morally defensible. Only drama and art excuse the brutality; or extenuate it. As corridas go today, I am for outlawing them. The influx of tourism, and the new affluence of Spaniards, portend a continuation and future of sham. A decade ago, one of the amateur bullfighting Domecqs, of the famous sherry family, wrote an article for the *ABC* recollecting how, in the days when the horses of picadors went unpadded, a bull was assessed by the number it killed. It was a five-horse bull, a nine-horse bull. The faenas performed against such animals were commensurately assessed. The picador on his unprotected mount was unable to punish bulls excessively. His skill lay in wheeling the horse out of the reach of the horns while planting the pic. A bull unable to bluster through was clearly inferior. A faena executed against such an animal was deprecated. Domecq concluded that fights would become increasingly farcical unless the mattresses are taken off the horses.

Reluctantly, I've come to agree with him. The mattresses ought to be taken off—*if* corridas are to be continued, at least in their present form. But: I can excuse (not morally justify) the danger men place themselves in when fighting bulls, because they do so voluntarily. I can excuse (not morally justify) the torturing and killing of the bulls themselves, because they are a fighting race, pain during a mortal struggle goes relatively unnoticed by the sufferer, and compared to meat cattle, fighting bulls lead the life of Riley and live years longer. The art and drama of man pitted against worthy adversary excuse (but do not justify) those who go to watch corridas. It's harder, at least for me, to excuse a spectacle in which the impaling of horses becomes necessary. They may be ancient wrecks, and otherwise destined for the glue factory, but they are not in the arena voluntarily and they are not a fighting race of animal whose destiny may be argued to be the arena, for they would be otherwise long since extinct as a species. (The fighting bull is a distinct species.) Only the honor of matadors can extricate us from this impasse. Since that honor, demonstrably, does not exist, then, in lieu of returning to the era of unpadded mounts, I cast my vote for the banning of the fiesta; with sadness. □



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FALSE DICHOTOMY

The struggle is not between Left and Right, but between totalitarianism and democracy. And the Left, having accepted Communism as a doctrine of its own, is being forced inexorably to abandon its old, time-honored, liberal positions

The Meaning of 'Left' and 'Right'

TIBOR SZAMUELY

WHEN THE newly elected French Legislative Assembly met on October 1, 1791 its radical members took their places on the left side of the chamber while the moderate deputies occupied the seats on the right. A new political terminology was born: Ever since then the great divide in modern political life has been that between "Left" and "Right."

The accidental seating arrangements of the French revolutionary Assembly have influenced not only the vocabulary but the political thought of succeeding generations. As politics became more and more of a contest between two clearly defined sides, so the previously blurred outlines of political divisions acquired a new sharpness. First came the denominations, then the ideas. Or rather, political ideas which had existed and coexisted side by side for centuries were now sorted out, separated and classified around the rival poles of Left and Right. Anyone who persisted in combining elements of both became "unprincipled," anyone who moved from one set of ideas to another, a "traitor." The struggle of Left and Right has dominated the whole political history, first of Europe, then of the world.

England, with her own revolution well behind her, with her much older and more stable political tradition, with her parliamentary system and pragmatic approach to politics, successfully withstood the new polarization for over a century. Ideologies remained alien notions; the political divisions in England were not those of Left and Right, but of Conservative, Liberal, Radical—even the newly founded Socialist Party persisted in calling itself Labor.

Gradually, however, the terms won general acceptance. Today the whole political spectrum is neatly labeled; not

only politics, but also economics, social attitudes, moral views, religious ideas, even educational policies are either "left-wing" or "right-wing." We have a "moderate Left" and an "extreme Right," "left-wing Conservatives" and "right-wing Socialists," a "New Left" and an "Old Left," a "New Right" and an "Old Right." Time was when every boy and girl was either a little liberal or else a little conservative—today they would either be little leftists or little rightists. The cleavage is complete.

Or is it? How much meaning do the terms Left and Right still retain in the specific circumstances of a world that has changed possibly more in the last thirty years than in the one and a half centuries following the French Revolution? To begin with, what do we actually mean by Left and Right?

Most people would agree that, broadly speaking, the Left emphasizes civil liberties, social justice, internationalism, progress, while the Right stands for tradition, order, patriotism, duty. Within this very general demarcation considerable differences remain. Thus, right-wing Conservatives and left-wing Socialists hold views on the role of the state which are nearer to each other than to those of their weaker brethren. But, on the whole, most people—and certainly most political writers and commentators—seem to be quite sure of what they mean when they refer to Left and Right.

It is my conviction that they are mistaken, and that in reality the terms Left and Right have as much relevance to present-day politics as Whigs and Tories or Roundheads and Cavaliers. Even less: when an historian speaks of Whig, Tory, Roundhead or Cavalier he is referring to fairly clearly (if not always identically) defined political categories, strictly within the confines of the historical period to which they applied. Nobody pretends that these divisions are anything but subjects for historical study. Yet we stubbornly continue to classify contemporary politics in terms of Left and Right: in terms which may have made sense fifty or a hundred years ago but which have hardly any bearing upon the realities of the world we live in.

It is time we realized that the Left-Right dichotomy ceased to exist half a century ago. The essential premise underlying this division of the political spectrum had been a common fabric of political thought, a general framework of politics based upon rationality and shared political assumptions: tolerance, gradual change (the argument was about the rate of change), reasoned de-

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bate, Western democratic institutions, the rule of law. In short, upon an acceptance of the common heritage of what was known as Western civilization. This general consensus was only ruffled by the emergence of Marxist socialist parties; they, too, were soon absorbed into the general political framework and contentedly took their place on its left. There did exist a few individuals and even some scattered groups (e.g., the Anarchists) who rebelled against the universally shared assumptions, but their influence remained negligible. The "rules of the game" were accepted by Left and Right alike. One knew where one was.

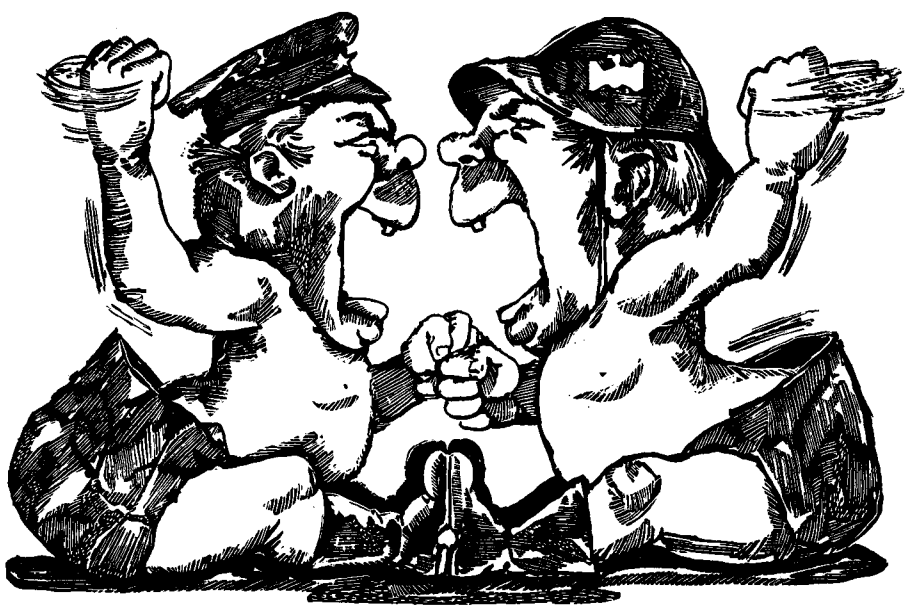
Communism and Fascism

Today the entire structure has been swept away. To be more precise, it was irrevocably destroyed on the seventh of November 1917 when Lenin announced the seizure of power in Russia by the Bolsheviks. On that day a whole new dimension was added to the nature of politics. Totalitarianism, the system created by the Russian Revolution, is implacably opposed to every basic principle held in common by the traditional Left and Right—whatever their respective differences. Totalitarianism is a theory and a system operating on an entirely different plane from that of politics as practiced in Europe since the dawn of the modern age. Its fundamental principle, its be-all and end-all, is the concept of total, unlimited state power, of dictatorship—which, according to Lenin himself, "means neither more nor less than unlimited power, resting directly on force, not limited by anything, not restricted by any laws or any absolute rules. Nothing else but that."

Had Lenin's principles of politics been enunciated in an earlier age all the old foes of Right and Left would have united in relentless hostility toward them: Hobbes and Locke, Bossuet and Montesquieu, Burke and Paine, Bismarck and Lassalle. Lenin's philosophy recognized none of the traditional rules; his was a completely new kind of game.

The Bolshevik victory was shortly followed by the establishment in most countries of the world of Communist parties closely modeled on the Russian prototype. At the same time the basic totalitarian idea, having proved its usefulness, was easily adapted by political mass movements of a different coloration: Mussolini's Fascists, Hitler's Nazis, the Rumanian Iron Guard, the Spanish Falange, the Hungarian Arrow Cross, and similar groupings whose ideology was grounded in the struggle not of classes but of nations or races. Totalitarianism had come to stay.

With the appearance of the totalitarian phenomenon the earlier political divisions became irrelevant. Historical precedents would have led one to expect a general regrouping of political forces along the totalitarian-democratic divide. Yet nothing of the kind took place. The two varieties of totalitarianism were proclaimed to be no more than extreme developments of the traditional Left and the traditional Right—and with that the terms themselves lost all meaning. For there cannot be any doubt that the totalitarian Communist Left and the totalitarian Fascist Right had far more in common with each other than with their nominal democratic neighbors, whether Socialist or Conservative. Yet, paradoxically, it was only when Left and Right became outdated anachronisms that they firmly entered the English political vocabulary.



Fascism (to use the generic term) and Communism are both revolutionary movements directed at overthrowing the old order and establishing a new type of society; for both the main enemies are democracy, civil liberties, parliamentarianism, the multiparty system, the bourgeoisie, the aristocracy, private enterprise, the churches, the trades unions, the *Rechtsstaat*—all and any of the multiple sources and forms of fragmented power and divided influence inherent in a pluralistic society. Both espouse and practice a creed of hate, force, violence, terror. Both have as their final aim the creation of totalitarian "socialist" societies—of a very different type, no doubt, but then by now there must surely be more even than the proverbial 57 varieties of socialism. Communism and Fascism, in short, are twins: non-identical, hostile, quarreling twins, but twins nevertheless. (This fact is not changed by the argument that many Fascist movements originally began as authoritarian conservative parties: Hitler's rise to dominance imposed a new, dynamic and fairly unified revolutionary character upon them all.)

The acceptance of Communism and Fascism as legitimate, if novel elements of the general political system has proved our abysmal inability to comprehend the unlovely realities of the twentieth century. The democratic parties of the traditional Left and Right were deceived—and ardently desired to be deceived. Communism was admitted by the Left because of its claims to a respectable Marxist ancestry and its professed devotion to rationality, internationalism and humanism. The Right saw Fascism as a movement dedicated to many of its own ideas: order, nationalism, the preservation of tradition. In turn, Fascism in the eyes of the Left as a whole was but the extreme expression of capitalist reaction, while to the Right Communism represented a hypertrophied form of the familiar and hateful socialist egalitarianism.

Needless to say, both traditional schools were wildly wrong; neither realized that they were dealing with some-

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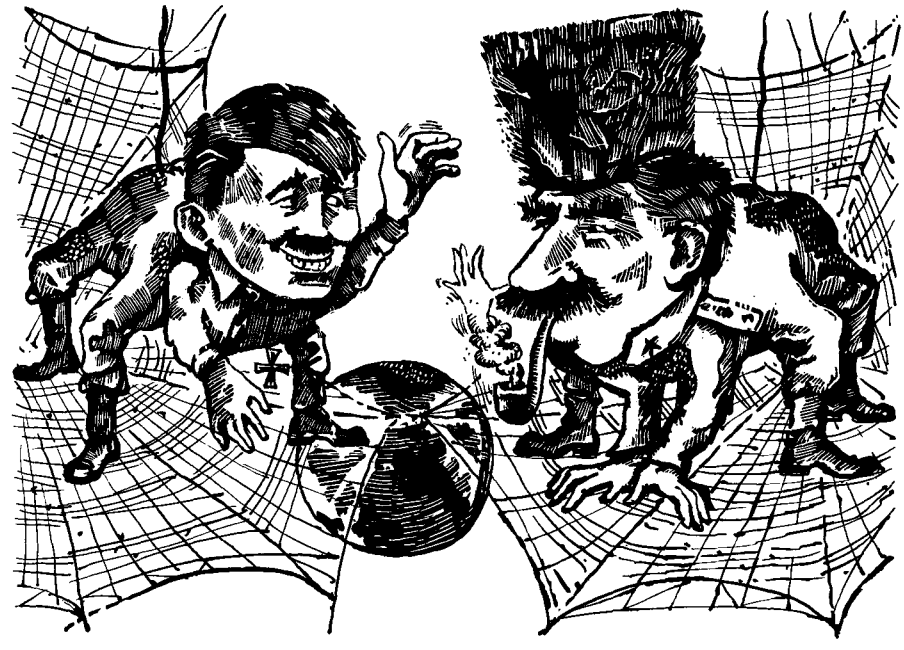
thing quite beyond their customary frame of reference. The totalitarian twins buttressed the misconception by deliberate deceit, and used it to the utmost advantage: the Communists seized power (in Russia and elsewhere) with the supine acquiescence of the Left, while the Fascists were proffered power by the terrified Right.

Thanks to the military defeat of Nazi Germany and the disclosure of its hideous crimes, the classification of Fascism as a movement of the extreme Right has become more firmly entrenched than ever. It was authoritarian, militaristic, nationalistic, racist—and are these not, as any liberal-minded person would readily agree, the typical characteristics of all right-wing movements, carried to extremes? Strangely enough, the traditional Western right wing (many of whose members had a better record of fighting Fascism than the leftists) has itself behaved rather shamefacedly about its alleged kinship with Fascism ("the black sheep of the family" seems to be the attitude), and has, since the War, evinced a strong dislike of the very word rightist, tainted as it is by these distasteful associations.

Yet by any rational criterion Hitler was no more a man of the Right than Stalin. His hatred of the traditional Right and of the whole capitalist system, his extreme radicalism, his readiness to take over the slogans and even the men of the totalitarian Left (which he fought all the more bitterly because it was his only rival in the field) were quite apparent from the beginning of his political career.

Hitler on Stalin

Already in the early 1920s Hitler openly recognized the affinity between Nazis and Communists. "In the ranks of us National Socialists the disenchanted of Right and Left must come together," wrote Hitler. "All of them must learn that there is one place in Germany where faith in the future is far from lost. . . . In our movement the two extremes come together: the Communists from the Left and the officers and the students from the Right. These two have always been the most active elements, and it was the greatest crime that they used to oppose each other in street fights. The Communists were the idealists of Socialism." Roehm, the chief of staff of the SA, repeated this a few years later: "Many things are between



us and the Communists, but we respect the sincerity of their convictions and their willingness to bring sacrifices for their own cause, and this unites us with them."

The main feature uniting Nazis and Communists, in Hitler's (perfectly correct) estimate, was their common detestation of the bourgeois democratic system, to which both stood in the relationship of outsiders. In the official history of the Nazi Party's struggle for power, *Partei und Staat*, Gottfried Neese wrote: "For us the united front of the *system* extends from the German National People's Party [i.e., the traditional extreme Right] to the Social Democrats. The Communist Party was an enemy outside the *system*. During the first months of 1933, therefore, when the doom of the system was already sealed, we still had to fight a decisive battle against the Communist Party."

With the outbreak of war and the full consolidation of his power Hitler could at last discard the mask of respectability, adopted in order to hoodwink the industrialists and the generals, and speak out frankly about the kinship between Nazis and Communists. "In this war bourgeois and revolutionary states are facing each other," he told his gauleiters in May 1943. "It has been an easy thing for us to knock out the bourgeois states, for they were quite inferior to us in upbringing and attitude. Countries with an ideology have an edge on bourgeois states. . . . [In the East] we met an opponent who also sponsors an ideology, even though a wrong one."

Probably the most accurate picture of Hitler's political views is contained in his *Table Talk*, recorded during the War. After twenty-odd years of fighting Communists his high appreciation for them (despite their false "Judaeo-Marxist" faith) remained undiminished. He held the detested bourgeoisie responsible for turning honest workers toward Communism; otherwise, Communists were men of sterling qualities, infinitely preferable to members of the capitalist class. "I don't blame the small man for turning Communist; but I blame the intellectual who did nothing but exploit other people's poverty for other ends. When one thinks of that riff-raff of a bougeoisie, even today, one sees red. . . . I find our Communists a thousand times more sympathetic than Starhemberg [the Austrian right-wing leader], say. They were sturdy fellows." "Later on, the Reds we had beaten up became our best supporters. When the Falange imprisons its opponents, it's committing the gravest of faults. Wasn't my party, at the time of which I'm speaking, composed of 90 per cent of left-wing elements? I needed men who could fight. I had no use for the sort of timid doctrinaires who whisper subversive plans in your ear."

Hitler felt an affinity with the Communists because, like them, he was a revolutionary. His views on revolution could be accepted without demur by any self-styled leftist.

> A revolution has three main objectives. First of all, it's a matter of breaking down the partitions between classes,

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so as to enable every man to rise. Secondly, it's a matter of creating a standard of living such that the poorest will be assured of a decent existence. Finally, it's a matter of acting in such a way that the benefits of civilization become common property.

The people who call themselves democrats blame us for our social policy as if it were a kind of disloyalty; according to them, it imperils the privileges of the owning classes. They regard it as an attack on liberty; for liberty in their view, is the right of those who have power to continue to exercise it. . . . In virtue of what law, divine or otherwise, should the rich alone have the right to govern? The world is passing at this moment through one of the most important revolutions in human history.

Throughout the book Hitler spits out phrases of venomous contempt for "degenerate bourgeois politicians" like Churchill and Roosevelt—but for Stalin, that other great revolutionary, fighting on the other side, he has nothing but admiration, even awe. "Stalin is one of the most extraordinary figures in world history"; "Stalin must command our unconditional respect. In his own way he is a hell of a fellow!" "He is a beast, but he's a beast on the grand scale"; "I must admit, he is a tremendous personality, an ascetic who took the whole of that gigantic country firmly in his iron grasp."

A Class Alone

In all probability Hitler—a kindred soul—understood the Georgian tyrant far better than his numerous Western leftist admirers. Despite the ideological differences, he had nothing but praise for many aspects of the Soviet achievement: He rebuked those who sought to belittle the Stakhanov movement, and expressed a high opinion of Soviet planning—and of Stalin's determination "that there shall be in Russia no unemployment such as one finds in such capitalist states as the United States of America." Hitler had now returned to the radicalism of his early years: He was resolute that, after the war, the state should take over most of the German economy. "Joint-stock companies should pass in their entirety under the control of the state. . . . It's obvious that the power monopoly must be vested in the state. . . . What is true of the power industry is equally true of all the essential primary materials—that is to say, it applies also to petroleum, coal, steel and water-power. Capitalist interests will have to be excluded from this sort of business."

The bourgeoisie evoked withering scorn in Hitler, the revolutionary socialist: "I understand why the bourgeois bristle at the prospect of being governed by people like us. . . . The bourgeois could only be terrified as they witnessed the coming of this new society"; "In the political field there is no stupider a class than the bourgeoisie." As for those other objects of leftist execration, Church and Crown, Hitler's views were equally forward-looking: "In the long run, National Socialism and religion will no longer be able to exist together"; "The heaviest blow that ever struck humanity was the coming of Christianity"; "Christianity is an invention of sick brains"; "Our epoch will certainly see the end of the disease of Christianity"; "Monarchy is an out-of-date form"; "An hereditary monarchy is a biological blunder"; "Princes constitute a race unique in the world for the depth of their stupidity."

One could quote numerous other examples of Hitler's impeccably left-wing approach to most political, social and economic issues. Some of them strike an oddly contemporary note. On marriage, for instance: "Social prejudices are in the process of disappearing. More and more, nature is reclaiming her rights. . . . Marriage, as it is practiced in bourgeois society, is generally a thing against nature." As for education, Hitler preempted practically every left-wing view fashionable in Britain today:

It is quite impossible to recognize the potential aspirations of a child of ten. Had teachers striven to find the direction in which each pupil's talents lay, and then concentrated on the development of those talents, they would have furthered education in its true sense. Instead, they sought mass production by means of endless generalizations. . . . A child who could not solve a mathematical equation, they said, would do no good in life. . . .

Just think how in the old days a bit of paper [i.e., the examination result] could alter the course of one's whole life! . . . Now, thank God we have the Hitler Youth, where the child is judged on all his qualities, and not solely on his scholastic attainments; character is taken into consideration, the talent of leadership is encouraged and every child has the legal right to show what he can do.

Whatever one can say about Nazism, it was, as seen above, most emphatically *not* a movement of the Right. In almost every essential aspect—including the bestiality of its mass murders—it belonged to the same radical totalitarian camp as Communism. One feature, and one feature alone, separates it from its left-wing twin: extreme racism—and it is on this, in the final analysis, that the legend of Nazism as a right-wing movement is based. The facts about Nazi racism are only too true; the legend they inspire is false.

Some traditional right-wing tendencies (especially in pre-revolutionary Russia) have undoubtedly been distinguished by their nationalistic, even racist approach. But, just as no Western socialist would ever dream of carrying the class struggle to the point of physically exterminating whole categories of the population (as the Communists have done), so no traditional right-wing party or group ever even contemplated the annihilation of racial minorities (as Hitler nearly succeeded in doing). Either comparison would be profoundly incorrect and unjust: The totalitarians belong in a class of their own.

The Fusion

What is more important, even this distinction between left-wing and right-wing totalitarianism has increasingly tended to disappear over the past 25 years. Unlike Hitler, Stalin had never, to our knowledge, expressed admiration for the other great totalitarian dictator. Indeed, while retaining a healthy respect for German armed might, Stalin probably felt only contempt for Nazism itself: as an imitator, as a hodgepodge of crack-brained "unscientific" ideologies, and also as a fairly inferior and rather imperfect brand of totalitarianism. However, one should not forget that Stalin's cooperation with Hitler throughout the period of the Soviet-Nazi Pact was much more wholehearted than his partnership with the West during the War that was later forced upon him (birds of a feather do flock together); nor that Hitler, according to many Soviet sources including Mr. Khrushchev himself, was the only person the pathologically suspicious Communist leader ever trusted. Above all, it should be stressed that Hitler's policies impressed and influenced Stalin nearly as much as the Communist experience inspired the development of Fascism.

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The crucial lesson learnt from Hitler by the Communists concerned the value of extreme nationalism as a weapon for mobilizing the basest human instincts. While Hitler was engaged in his "final solution" of the Jewish question, Stalin had embarked upon the virtual destruction of seven small ethnic groups in the USSR. Russian nationalism came to be preached with nearly the same hysterical fervor as the idea of German racial superiority. After the War Stalin embraced a policy of open antisemitism, which included the extermination of Russia's entire Jewish intellectual elite. The principal elements of left-wing and right-wing totalitarianism had finally been fused.

Death Rattle

Today Soviet Russia and her satellites are in the grip of a nationalist and racist hysteria comparable only to that experienced by Nazi Germany. Virulent antisemitism is rampant—blatantly so in Poland, skimpily disguised as anti-Zionism in Russia. Anti-Chinese propaganda is unblushingly couched in terms of the "Yellow Peril." Every recent eyewitness account of the USSR stresses the all-pervasive hatred for Negroes and other colored races, despised as racial inferiors in a manner so crude as probably to shock even the most reactionary citizen of South Africa or Alabama.

These facts are all on the record. Nevertheless, in our pathetic inability to comprehend the changed world around us, we continue to cling to the out-worn concept of a Left-Right dichotomy—with Communists an incontestable part of the Left. This is not a matter of semantics; its implications go to the very core of our political life and determine the whole climate of opinion in the West. For if before the War we could say—albeit inexactly—that the two totalitarian extremes canceled out each other, today this is no longer the case. There exists no right-wing *totalitarianism* in the contemporary world, whether as political movement or as government. To be sure, some right-wing governments are often automatically called Fascist—yet, however much one disapproves of the present-day regimes in Greece or Spain, to describe them as Fascist is to rob the word of all meaning. Fascism denotes a specific socio-political phenomenon; it is not a general term of abuse. The ineffectual attempts of the Left to depict, say, Mr. Ian Smith or the German NPD as latter-day totalitarians are too ludicrous to deceive anyone but the brainwashed true believers. And even the true believers cannot bring themselves to accept Mr. Enoch Powell—opponent of hanging, Little Englander, advocate of laissez-faire economics—as a symbol of the extreme Right. Or President Nixon for that matter.

The truth is that, with the exception of a minute lunatic fringe, Fascism is no longer an issue anywhere. For the past 25 years the only totalitarian system in the world has been the Communist one, which has absorbed many of the distinctive features of its erstwhile right-wing twin. Communism therefore represents the only totalitarian threat—a constantly growing threat—to the freedom of all nations, whatever their political structures (not to mention the countries already taken over at gunpoint by the Communists). Yet by its refusal to face the truth, by its persistent acknowledgment of Communists as misguided but basically well-meaning leftists, the traditional Left has, wittingly or not, allied itself to a system that denies every value historically associated with the Left.

This is no new-found relationship: The breed of alienated intellectuals, consumed by a self-hatred which matured into a hatred of their country and its institutions (by no means a purely Anglo-Saxon phenomenon), was always far more susceptible to Communism, with its intellectual pretensions, its sham rationality, its pseudo-internationalism, than to Fascism. The allegiance commanded among left-wing intellectuals by Soviet Russia proved much stronger than the evanescent sympathy evoked by Nazi Germany within certain quarters of the traditional Right in this country—as witness the unshakably anti-national attitude of many leftists during the Nazi-Soviet Pact.

"*Pas d'ennemis à gauche*"—no enemies to the Left—has been the death-rattle of liberal movements from Russia 1917 to Czechoslovakia 1948. Western leftists have learnt nothing from the accumulated evidence; for them there is still no enemy on the Left—and totalitarian Communists, men of the police-state and the concentration camp, remain men of the Left. The consequences of this insane alliance between the Communists and the traditional Left have been an unmitigated disaster for the latter. Under the relentless pressure of their unnatural allies the ideological contortions of the Left grow ever weirder. The so-called liberal values are progressively distorted—until finally every traditional liberal cause has been discarded, one after the other. A logical development: having allied itself to the totalitarian Left, the traditional Left becomes illiberal.

Where are the causes of yesteryear? Today the Left, the historic foe of antisemitism, is frankly hostile to Israel and seeks to justify anti-Jewish violence (to add an even wilder touch of lunacy, leftist Jews are especially active in recent antisemitic campaigns). Whenever a democracy (West Germany, Israel, the U.S. etc.) is faced by a hostile despotism, the Left automatically sides with the dictator. Any dictator is welcome—however bloodstained, however corrupt—as long as he calls himself a leftist. Come, ye Nkrumahs and Nassers, ye Sukarnos and Titos, ye Castros and Ho Chi Minhs! As long as they destroy freedom and fight the West there will always be a place for them in leftist hearts. Even naked military dictatorships which any previous generation would have regarded as utterly reprehensible are supported by the Left—if they are anti-Western. Other dictatorships, indistinguishable from these save for being pro-Western, are called Fascist. Needless to say, all Arab dictators are embraced, but now we have gone beyond that stage: Military juntas in Bolivia and Peru, tirelessly denounced as right-wing Fascist stooges, become splendid fellows—as soon as they attack American interests. Even Perón, once a byword for Fascism, has been sympathetically resuscitated—for was he not an enemy of the United States?

Beware!

People who call themselves liberals preach the cult of violence: their heroes are Guevara, the Black Panthers, the urban guerrillas, the murderers of innocent men, women and children. No sympathy is wasted on the victims: Leftist hearts bleed only for the wreckers of civilization, whether drug-crazed hippie killers, or foolish middle-class students. The New Left is both Fascist and Communist—it is all but impossible to disentangle the strands—but no matter, so long as they call themselves Left and strive to destroy Western society.

(Continues on page 944)

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LETTER FROM CALCUTTA

Peking's Double Game

JUSTUS M. VAN DER KROEF

IN THE current euphoria in Washington and elsewhere about improved relations with a "moderating" Communist China, the hard, persistent reality of Peking's attempt to subvert her neighbors, directly or by proxy, gets overlooked or explained away. But the presence of four thousand Communist Chinese troops lending close support to tribal insurgents in northern Burma, Communist Chinese road construction in northern Laos, the regular dispatch of Philippine "National Liberation Army" guerrillas to mainland China for training—all these remain better indications of Communist China's intentions than the soothing generalities of Chou En-lai.

Another case in point is Bangla Desh, the "Bengal Nation" of 75 million inhabitants, proclaimed in East Pakistan March 26. The harsh repression of the revolt by West Pakistan and the plight of millions of refugees streaming into the Indian state of West Bengal, bringing cholera with them, have obscured the role of Bangla Desh as a significant new springboard for the Red Chinese in their drive for influence and power along the rim of South and Southeast Asia.

The origins of the Bangla Desh revolt are complex and go back to the very creation of the curiously bifurcated nation of Pakistan 24 years ago. Sharing little except the Islamic faith with their fellows in West Pakistan, the East Pakistanis have, with reason, felt like second-class citizens, discriminated against in public service appointments, in development allocations for export earnings and, in the end, even by the parliamentary system in which they had won a majority in the constitutional convention. But perhaps most important has been the distinctive Bengali cultural tradition in East Pakistan, which, transcending loyalty to Islam, tended to make for greater affinity with the Indian state of West Bengal.

West Bengal's radical Communist splinter group, the so-called Communist Party of India (Marxist), has pushed Bengali sentiments in East Pakistan in a radical direction in recent years. It is precisely this interaction of (Indian) West Bengal and (Pakistani) East Bengal, in terms of a resurgent Bengali nationalism with significant Communist undertones, that holds the key to the nation's future—and to Peking's tactics today.

For although Bangla Desh's most popular leader, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, and many of his conservative Muslim fellow-leaders in the Awami League, which spearheaded the revolt, are not Communists, other components of the insurgent movement are. The National Awami Party (NAP) led by Mauland Bashani, has consistently been pro-Peking. No sooner had the Bangla Desh "Mukti Fauj" ("Liberation Army") moved against West Pakistan's forces in April, than Bashani's NAP, backed by the East Bengal Communist Party and other fellow-traveling factions, formed a new "National Front for the Liberation of Bangla Desh," ostensibly to coordinate resistance, but actually to wrest leadership of the Bangla Desh movement from the Awami League and particularly from Sheikh Mujibur. The East Bengal Communist Party, thought to be pro-Moscow, supported the formation of the Front.

The daily press in Calcutta regularly reports guerrilla raids and ambushes by the Front's "Liberation Army." Under pressure from the Front, Bangla Desh spokesmen are adopting the rhetoric of left-wing radicalism. "The People's Republic of Bangla Desh," declared its underground "premier" Tajuddin Ahmed on June 13, is struggling against "the military lords and capitalists of West Pakistan." Since Sheikh Mujibur (now a prisoner of West Pakistan) cannot speak, others interpret his intentions for him. Mohammed Jahan, leader of the Bangla Desh "National Workers League," which claims to represent four million agricultural and industrial laborers, declared early in June that Mujibur had proclaimed the well-known Communist slogan "land to the tillers" four years ago. In a May Day address in 1970 Mujibur (still according to Mohammed Jahan) stated that the day would shortly dawn "when workers would be the owners of the means of production." In the context of a developing guerrilla resistance, political radicalization is accelerating. And it is here, precisely, that Peking's policies reveal themselves at their most devious.

First it should be emphasized that although the Red Chinese (like the Soviets) formally endorsed General Yahya Khan's attempt to "maintain the unity and integrity of Pakistan" by suppressing the Bangla Desh revolt, they did so just as the Pakistani press reported intensive Chinese Communist subversion in the Pakistani-controlled area of Kashmir. Peking has been sending agents to and recruiting followers in the Gilgit region of Pakistani-held Kashmir. By May of this year Yahya Khan felt compelled to crack down hard on what both the Indian and Pakistani press called the "Maoist revolt" in Gilgit. There is nothing surprising in such Chinese attempts at subversion, although officially Sino-Pakistani relations are at their most cordial, and Peking is regarded as Pakistan's immediate protector, as its relations with India deteriorate.

AFTER ALL in 1965, when Peking's relations with Sukarno could hardly have been better, Peking was busily engaged in shipping military supplies to Indonesian Communists in preparation for the abortive coup of September. In 1966-67, during a similar thaw with Burma, Chinese Communists were stepping up their aid to Burmese tribal insurgents. It was the revelation of subversion in Gilgit this spring that almost certainly led the Chinese Communists to disavow the East Pakistani rebellion at least for the time being. Peking does not want an open break with Pakistan and, needless to say, China's stand displeased her NAP allies. But the NAP and the National Front for the Liberation of Bangla Desh have never publicly criticized Peking.

The reason is not far to seek: Bangla Desh's Maoists know that the "liberation" struggle initiated by Muslim moderates and conservatives is just a first step toward the full realization of a "People's Republic" in all of Bengal—

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including the Indian state of West Bengal. The catalyst here is the doctrinaire Maoist "East Pakistan Communist Party—Marxist-Leninist" (EPCP—ML). This group, formed in late 1970, has its ideological and tactical counterpart in Indian West Bengal, in the form of the "Communist Party of India—Marxist-Leninist" (CPI—ML). The CPI—ML and its peasant followers have been engaged in a running guerrilla war with the Indian government, not only in West Bengal, but also in other Indian states, e.g., Orissa and Andhra Pradesh.

THE HACKING to death of "landlords" and their families and leaving the severed heads dangling from poles has been the favorite tactic of the CPI—ML. And in Calcutta they have intensified their urban guerrilla warfare, especially against policemen and members of rival political parties. In the past six months there have been eight political murders *daily* in Calcutta. Not all can be laid at the door of the "Naxalites" (a name derived from the village of Naxalbari, in northern West Bengal, where the Maoist guerrilla rebellion began in 1967), but certainly the great majority can be. Gun-snatching (from police and armories), wildcat strikes, seemingly endless student agitation and demonstrations, city walls plastered with Communist slogans and pictures of Mao—all combine to give Calcutta an around-the-clock atmosphere of revolutionary upheaval.

The Peking-based Naxalites in West Bengal have begun to mesh their operations with the EPCP—ML in Bangla Desh. They want to turn Bangla Desh's liberation struggle into an "anti-feudal" and "anti-imperialist" war, so that whatever the ultimate settlement it will be brought about without the conservative influence of the Awami League. Mao's aim is not a free Bangla Desh, but a "socialist" Bangla Desh. Mohammed Toha, the leader of the EPCP—ML, argues that the principal conflict in East Pakistan today is between feudalism and the repressed classes, and that the bourgeois leaders of Bangla Desh are incapable of solving this conflict. Toha's guerrillas have been attacking "landlords" as well as West Pakistani forces (the notion, sometimes heard, that Toha is not in this fight because Peking officially backs Yahya Khan, is simply not true). Though operating independently of the "Mukti Fauj," Toha's three thousand followers are clearly a significant factor.

The advent of the Maoists in Bangla Desh is alarming. Professor Nayan R. Chanda of Calcutta University, who visited East Pakistani insurgent territory in early April, found "Maoist students controlling almost all the schools" in Jessore district. Even in remote villages Maoist posters and slogans could be seen, and Chanda described "a young Maoist named Nazrul, moving into battle with a rifle taken from a police station [as being] sure that the Maoists, with organizations in several districts, would take over the leadership from the Awami League." As the "liberation war" of Bangla Desh is protracted, similar developments are likely throughout the area. Peking cannot remain indifferent for long, for no other reason than that her own ideological outlook demands support, if only in words, for "national liberation" struggles everywhere. A senior police commander in Calcutta, a veteran of anti-Naxalite drives, told me that captured Naxalite instructions make specific reference to Communist Chinese message of congratulations for Toha's guerrillas.

Under the circumstances, one can only wonder at India's official reaction to Bangla Desh. From Prime Minister Indira Gandhi on down not a day has passed without some statement of India's determination to support independence for Bangla Desh. Yahya Khan's intervention in East Pakistan officially is seen as a direct threat to India's security and cabinet ministers have been sent around the world to voice New Delhi's concern.

APART FROM the humanitarian problems posed by West Pakistan's military repression and the tidal wave of refugees, it is hard to see what India can possibly gain from an independent Bangla Desh. An independent Bangla Desh would almost certainly be a powerful magnet for Bengali nationalists in West Bengal to join in a separate independent Bengal nation. An independent Bangla Desh, in which Maoists would carry out their own socialist revolution, would provide the Naxalites in India with what they have needed: a safe, protected base area, in the classic Maoist sense, from which to launch their campaign. New Delhi's emotional jag over the Bangla Desh issue, in which the European and American Left is eagerly joining, needs to be revealed for the danger that it is. □

"These Americans. They're so scrutable."

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Wilson Agonistes

COLM BROGAN

At the moment of writing, hatchets are being sharpened, knives honed and poisonous doses prepared within the British Labor Party. The Party of Brotherhood is calling to mind that the first brothers were Cain and Abel. And the reason is Harold Wilson.

His standing with the general public and with the Labor Party sank after his general election defeat, but he was in no serious danger from rivals until the Common Market issue became acute. The defeat stunned him and, although he showed a stoicism that earned him a certain respect, his recovery was very slow and imperfect, as was clearly shown by his mediocre performance in Parliament. His preoccupation in writing his memoirs might be an explanation but certainly not an excuse, for the leader of Her Majesty's opposition is paid a salary for leading the opposition, not for making a lot of money on the side.

Two hundred thousand pounds is a favorite estimate for the money his memoirs have made him and there is much speculation as to the steps he has taken to avoid paying tax. This makes Harold Wilson very angry for he considers his money affairs to be strictly his own business, wherein he is wrong. The Labor MP who lost his seat and may now be on the dole must feel that his leader has done a good job looking after himself. Wilson is a representative Socialist type. He may feel as deeply as ever for the weak and the oppressed, their cause may be his cause, their woes his woes, but the gulf that has grown between them is still deep and wide: He is in the money and they are not. Squire Wilson is a stranger to the man who can't pay his rent.

The memoirs themselves have done him no good. They are devoted to the thesis that Harold Wilson was generous, just, far-seeing and right on almost every occasion. Even if this were true people wouldn't believe it, and in fact the record does nothing to strain their incredulity. The mania for self-justification, which made the memoirs nearly valueless, has betrayed him again over the Common Market.

Before he became Prime Minister he was hostile to the Market, objecting to the idea of deserting our kith and kin in the Commonwealth for "the dubious chance of selling more washing machines in Düsseldorf," but he was dramatically converted early in his Downing St. career. He said he would pursue membership with the utmost energy and would not take no for an answer. It was not domestic Düsseldorf which beckoned, but History itself.

He saw a majestic vision of Europe restored to her former greatness as the fount and fortress of Western civilization. Fulfillment of this majestic destiny was impossible without the efforts of men as majestic as the task. There was one man already engaged in the task, Charles de Gaulle, but how much more he could do with an equal partner! It is credibly reported that Wilson put this bright idea to de Gaulle himself. The thought of these men as equal partners is enough to make any man's mind boggle, but not the mind of *Mon Général*. He just said no.

When he was defeated Wilson was still refusing to take no for an answer although no was the only answer he could get: an unrewarding exercise. No doubt he expected that Heath would have no more luck than himself and it must have been a shock when he saw that the deal was going through. What was he to do?

He could have ruefully congratulated Heath on his better fortune, but that is not the kind of thing that crosses his mind. Anyway, the case was altered. Most of his Cabinet had favored his application and judicious pressures would have ensured that the back-benchers didn't make too much fuss. But once he was out of office resistance to the Common Market became open and menacing. The British Socialist believes fervently in the Brotherhood of Man but he won't have anything to do with foreigners. Harold Wilson now found that some of his former cabinet colleagues were changing sides, most Labor MPs and all the big trade unions were anti-Market. Opinion polls indicated a massive majority against entry.

The position was delicate. He could have said that the national instinct had declared itself so clearly that it was presumptuous to oppose it. Alternatively he could have said simply that he had changed his mind, but that would have meant admitting that he had been wrong.

Wilson chose to say that he had never sought to do more than discover the terms of entry and then decide if they were satisfactory. Heath's terms were unsatisfactory as well as also highly ambiguous. From this position he could slide gradually into outright opposition without disowning his early fervor for the principle of the Market.

Wilson, in short, wanted to rat on the Common Market but to do it as quietly as a mouse. This was not allowed. Out from behind the arras stepped James Callaghan, the smiling theatrical villain of the piece. Former Chancellor and Home Secretary Callaghan wants to supplant Wilson and conspires busily to that effect, but with such an absence of subtlety and guile that he might as well put up a road sign: "Danger. Conspirator at Work." He made ranting anti-Market speeches addressed to the trade-union audience of the kind that heartily applauded any speaker who said that the French were a nation of brothel-keepers, something he would hardly have said to de Gaulle. Callaghan tried to jump on to the bandwagon, right into the driver's seat, and Wilson ever apprehensive of a challenge to his authority had to move much faster than he liked. His position was unenviable. Insisting that the terms were possibly, probably and then certainly unacceptable, he was massively contradicted by many of his cabinet colleagues, among them: George Thompson and Lord Chalfont, who had done the actual negotiating; George Brown, who had gone with Wilson on his European selling tour; Michael Stewart, ex-Foreign Secretary; and Roy Jenkins, the deputy leader. These men not only said that the terms were the best that could be hoped for, but also that the Labor cabinet would have accepted them. This meant that Harold

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C. H. SIMONDS

For Now

BACK TO PODUNK!

ALWAYS we must have something to sentimentalize. Some targets come and go (Heathen Chinese, Starving Armenians, Kennedys); others we have always with us, such as Indians, Negroes and the American small town. This last is having copious inky tears shed all over it, now that it is (allegedly) Disappearing. In the past year, at least six of our leading magazines have gone in for laments for the good old days of church suppers, husking bees and simple virtues of which the small town was supposedly the mainstay.

We are meant to believe that all the little hamlets of our land are turning into ghost towns, and (even sillier) that until "all the young people moved away" last Tuesday, every one of them was a ringer for the Grovers Corners, New Hampshire that Thornton Wilder cooked up out of tears and homemade fudge and put on the stage in *Our Town*. Now that the Bible Belt is depopulated, the New York media permit us to forget the bad old days and the small-town vices—the gossip, meddling, backbiting, needlenosing, social-climbing, conformity, rot.

Not that we should fall into the trap of iconoclasm, substituting one half-truth for another. Wilder wasn't wrong—he was just half-right, as was, from the other direction, the Sinclair Lewis of *Main Street* (he who years later in his dotage succumbed to a resurgence of sentimentalism and allowed as how Gopher Prairie/Sauk Center wasn't such a bad place after all). Those "virtues" and "vices" aren't confined to small towns and never were; they thrive wherever two or three, or two or three million, are gathered together. Peyton Place is where you find it, if you look hard enough.

Another thing: there are plenty of small towns alive and thriving. Some are blessed with a stable industry—not necessarily a factory; as often it's a school or college, or a nearby recreational attraction. Others are close-but-not-too-close to a big city, attracting the hardy supercommuter who is willing to travel fifty or sixty miles between work and home.

The towns that are dying are for the most part those that depended on agriculture—the prairie settlements where families from the surrounding two- or three-hundred acre farms did their shopping, banking and church-going, and from which they shipped their products to the cities. As many small farms are consolidated into a few big ones, there simply aren't the bodies to keep a town going. And so—shuttered prairie churches and decaying grain elevators decorate the pages of *Life* Magazine.

INSTEAD OF succumbing to nostalgia, the ultimate self-indulgence, we ought to examine just what it is we lose when a town dies. Certainly we don't lose a self-contained, self-sufficient democracy-in-miniature of sturdy yeomen and mechanics. The self-sufficient town died in the early eighteen hundreds with the coming of centralized industry; ever since, the small town has been a way-station relaying the products and services of the city to the rural population. It has been entirely dependent on the city, importing not only its tools and foodstuffs but its entertainment and, eventually, its romanticized concept of itself as the repository of all that is good, as the real America.

To approach the loss another way: What was it—is it—really like to live in such a place? Someone who has done time in a small town—not a suburb or a vacation haunt of the well-to-do but an Authentic Small Town—will report that the pace of life is relaxed; folks are friendly and interested; the open countryside is handy for hunting, fishing and rambling; the old buildings and old trees are pleasing to the eye. If honest, the same person will add that there is no place to buy a book; all the movies are two years old; what with all those friendly, interested people, one sometimes feels there is no privacy to be had; and, finally, sometimes it is just too boring to be borne (especially for a generation shaped by the instant gratification of television).

Of course it needn't be that way. We ought to be rediscovering the small town instead of mourning it—one, because it offers pleasanter surroundings in which to live; and two, because a slight shift in population back to the countryside would go a long way to helping the cities out of their plight. (Paul Goodman suggests that if we could get 10 or 15 per cent of our people out of the cities, and thus give the countryside a transfusion of new blood, both cities and countryside would benefit.)

Some businesses and industries, it is now clear, have to be conducted from cities; others can just as easily be located in the country, witness the proliferation of small, clean electronics and precision manufacturing plants that has occurred in rural New England in the past twenty years. And even if they must work in the city, people can live much farther out in the country than they could a generation ago; as mass transportation improves, the MPCD (Maximum Possible Commuting Distance) is certain to keep on increasing. The small town is accessible as never before, except perhaps in the Western Plains and the Rockies; conversely, it is more easily escapable and thus its negative features—insularity, tiresomeness—are less debilitating. It begins to be possible to enjoy the best of both worlds and to benefit from the contrast.

THE CATCH is that small towns may be overwhelmed, and become miniature cities. The effect of the skiing industry on rural Vermont, for instance, has been to submerge small towns in a tide of boom and glitz, destroying their physical grace and accelerating the pace of life to near-metropolitan rush. Likewise, a new industry does a town harm in the long run if it brings with it shopping centers, trailer parks and all the garish rest. But exactly because they are small, small towns are able to regulate their own growth and protect their character—if their people will get together and agree on what is worth keeping, and what is not worth having. That's a privilege city-dwellers don't have—and did you ever see a riot in a small town? □

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RUSSELL KIRK

From the Academy

THAT 'DRIVER EDUCATION' BOONDOGGLE

THIRTEEN years ago, your servant published on this page a criticism of "driver education" in public high schools. Various well-intentioned people remonstrated with me that I was unkind and misinformed to cast slurs upon an undertaking designed to make the roads safer. Well, the roads have not grown safer in the intervening years; but during that period, considerable evidence has accumulated to suggest that driver education in high schools not only has no beneficent effect upon road safety, but actually may encourage juvenile obsession with automobiles and increase danger on the road.

Driver education, to which about half the pupils in this land are exposed in high school, is the most costly of all school programs, per capita. Also it appears to be the most ineffectual. On the face of it, one wonders why anyone thinks it necessary to employ people with bachelors' and masters' degrees (usually in Education) to teach driving skills. If young people are to be taught in public schools how to drive automobiles, wouldn't it be better and cheaper either to employ, part-time or by contract, skilled persons without college degrees, such as taxi drivers, off-duty policemen and commercial instructors in driving?

YET over the past decade, the driver-education lobby has entrenched itself even more strongly, at public expense—especially in California. Attempts even have been made by this driver-education lobby or union, in one state or another, to destroy the competition of commercial driver-training schools. Consider the shenanigans in Georgia.

The Georgia Driver Training School License Act, passed in 1968, has been a scheme to harass private driver-training schools for the greater glory of the public-school driver-education Establishment. By the provisions of this Act, all instructors in driver-training are required to have taken three college courses in the subject; but public schools and colleges offering driver programs are exempted from the Act.

Several of Georgia's commercial driving schools appealed to the federal courts, on the ground that they were thus denied equal protection of the law, contrary to the Constitution: The Georgia statute, they argued, was applied in a discriminatory fashion, so as to force them out of business. After considerable litigation, a United States district court determined (on April 14, this year) that, in fact, the Act was enforced in a fashion flagrantly unfair to private driving schools. Evidence showed that of the public-school teachers of driving who testified before the court, *not one* had completed three college courses in driver education. But the Georgia authorities enforced the statute only against private-school drivers. I am happy to report that Judge Newell Edenfield granted to the plaintiffs injunctive relief against enforcement of the Driver Training School License Act—for the time being, anyway.

One is inclined to suspect that a school lobby that tries to ruin all possible competition in the driver-training field may not have "road safety" at heart. In 1968, a study of the "Secretary's [HEW] Advisory Committee on Traffic Safety" pointed out that "no one as yet has produced clear proof that driver education, at least as presently constituted, has a significant favorable effect upon driver attitudes, motivation, performance or other achievements."

A principal authority in this field, Professor David Klein, argues that, on the contrary, the typical school program in driver education nowadays may only encourage the immature teen-ager to become more immoderately and recklessly interested in fast driving. "Despite tremendous variation in curriculum, methods, personnel and student body, driver education is viewed monolithically and is popularly regarded as a 'good thing.' And with very few exceptions . . . the research attempting to assess driver education is the very shabbiest in the field—largely because it is done by untrained investigators who are usually proponents of driver education."

Two years ago, the University of California Press published a little book by Frederick I. McGuire and Ronald C. Kersh, *An Evaluation of Driver Education*. The authors found it very doubtful whether present school driver education does anything to reduce road accidents, and concluded that present driver-education programs should not be expanded. If public schools are to engage in driver education, they reasoned, they should do so on some other ground than the extravagant claim that such schooling makes the roads safer; certainly no federal funds should be earmarked for driver education on present lines.

STATISTICS on these matters are incomplete and insufficiently examined, most authorities in the field point out; but what figures one encounters do not shore up the claims of the school driver-education lobby. In the state of Washington, for instance, during 1966, the Department of Motor Vehicles prepared a study comparing the records of high-school driver-education teachers as drivers, and the records of drivers employed by commercial driver-training agencies. Per one hundred drivers, the high-school teachers were cited for 59.80 violations; the private-agency drivers, for only 49.38 violations. More striking was the contrast in average accidents per one hundred drivers: the figures were 11.64 for public-school driver-education instructors, but merely 7.86 for commercial-agency drivers. Which sort of instructor would you prefer for your offspring?

In most school districts, reductions must be made in budgets this year. How? Why, begin with the driver-education boondoggle. It makes no sense to require that all young drivers possess a school certificate in driver education; as I wrote in 1958: "One might as well require that all persons with furnaces in their houses possess a high-school certificate in Safety Education in Heating Engineering." □

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BOOKS

Impassioned Reticence

Discretions
By Mary de Rachewiltz
Atlantic-Little, Brown, 312 pp., $8.95

HUGH KENNER

The topmost tower room of a castle on a crag in the Tirol; moonlight, silhouetting black peaks and pouring into the deep valley where town lights sparkle; the dark air moving and the shutters creaking; there, of an October midnight, seated in a handmade chair at a handmade table, there is the place to be reading a vivid book.

The author was asleep somewhere below—two stories? three?—the castle levels defy a geometer. She hadn't wanted me to read her typescript, and yet she had; an uneasy sense of having talked her out of it sometimes betrayed my attention into reverie. "Well—," she had said, handing it over, the kind of "Well—" that lingers in the memory, and the kind of half-resigned smile. I persuaded myself she was glad I was reading it.

And she doesn't want the reader to know what she is telling him, I reflected, and yet she does. Pressure, against constriction, makes the fountain's jet, tossing its bright ball; pressure, against constriction, makes *Discretions* art; art, not "reminiscences." That and innate skill, inherited, inestimable, and long practice with a language—her fourth, was it? in order of acquisition—practice under a mentor who permitted no redundancy, no empty phrase, nothing that might not "tell the reader something." And yet the inhibition against telling. . . .

CRISP WORDS limned a landscape of lunar strangeness, defined by the idiosyncrasies of two mountains. And, "in the pan at their feet rests serenely an egg-shaped valley. Perfect, pregnant and aloof as Brancusi's ovoid. And Gais stands in the center: the yolk sac for *The Beginning of the World*. The light there almost solid. A root and a beginning after the deluge."

A child, among peasants whose gift and destiny was to bring up other people's children, seventeen in all, spoke her first words in their dialect, stark and strange for an eye and ear (mine) accustomed to the polite languages of Europe. (Once she recited me a few lines of Homer rendered into that dialect. It sounded as Homer should sound, with his cowfaced goddess and his spears passing through guts. She is very likely the only person in the world who can think toward Homer through a tongue like that. If you want to know its name, it is called *Puschtrerisch*.)

And as the child grew, she learned the story of her coming to Gais: a "soft white bundle" brought there in a motorcar—"all the peasants had paused in their second hay-making and those on the road had pressed their carts and horses against the hedges to let the black monster stirring up clouds of dust pass." The bearded man in the car was called "der Herr." And with him, "a trim-coifed goddess."

And—here is the artistry of *Discretions*—a glimpse of the dream in which the child had been conceived: "The young violinist stands beside the poet's chair playing arie from *Le Nozze*. No, not a painted paradise. They go to heaven with their shoes on, to a heaven where even angels experience a change of state and are sad, at times."

"The child was wanted. The rest is music and poetry." Wanting the child, that was part of that aesthetic dream. But the child interfered with the dream. Hence Gais, from which the child came, bewildered, at intervals, to the locus of the dream, an apartment in Venice. "I was placed on a high dark-blue armchair, on a pile of cushions over which was set a leopard skin. Facing me, over a monumental dark table, on a high dark-blue armchair, sat Mamile, majestic and beautiful as a queen towards me; soft and willowy, smiling like a fairy towards Tattile."

Mamile, Tattile, *Puschtrerisch* for Mama and Papa. Mamile had played the violin also for d'Annunzio, who had given her a jewel-studded silver bird. That was part of the waking dream. And—it emerges, cruelly—she resented the child. She had wanted a son. (What would she have done with a son?) But for a child what is, however painful, is normal: as that life should oscillate between Gais, its goats, its chickens, and Venice, where Mamile nagged about posture and gloves. Tattile, "der Herr," benevolent, magnificent, he was the perfusing, bracing, loving presence. What did Tattile do, besides smile on Mamile and his daughter? "A writer."

So the narrative proceeded; and knowing as I did the outlines of the

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Memo to: all NR Readers

Re: How you can get yourself a

FREE copy of "In Praise of Wine"

The wonderful thing about knowledge of wine is this: if you already know something about this fascinating subject, you always want to know more -- and if you don't yet know much about it, you know you've always wanted to learn.

So I hope you won't miss this fine opportunity to get hold of a rare and really unusual book on the subject -- something you would probably never get around to buying for yourself, even if you could find a copy -- FREE if you use the card facing this page now.

The book is "In Praise of Wine," by, happily, NR's longtime contributor Alec Waugh. Mr. Waugh is, of course, the famous novelist (author of "Island in the Sun" and a great many others, and as you probably also know, the brother of the equally famous author, Evelyn Waugh). He has written many splendid travel and "Delectations" pieces for NR. One of the chief delights of his own rich and varied life has been his enjoyment of wine (and "certain noble spirits," also described in this book).

Waugh himself describes this fascinating and informative work as "A personal tribute and guide to the noteworthy products of grape and grain," but in addition to being far and away the best one-volume guide-book I've ever read on the subject, it is also filled with wit and anecdote, history and legend -- well, it is, as you would expect, entirely delightful reading. Surely Waugh can have very few rivals as a raconteur (I've even heard it said that "Waugh is magnificent").

As an extra bonus, the book also provides you with a) an excellent index, enabling you to go back and see just what he did say about this Chateau or that district (you can even recheck the many wonderful anecdotes just by looking up any of the names/places involved), and b) appendixes that simplify the difficulties involved in recognizing the best of French wines -- even a table that explains the mystifying oddities of bottle and barrel sizes and nomenclature -- plus c) a concise bibliography that will direct you to any further information you might want, and d) maps that pinpoint all the famous wines of Europe.

I could go on and on about this book, but here's the point: if you are interested in this subject, here is your chance to get your copy of "In Praise of Wine" free and postpaid (all you have to do is use the handy-card facing this page to subscribe or renew now -- full details are on the card -- just fill it out and mail it back to us).

I realize that such a book is not for everybody, but I'm convinced that "In Praise of Wine" is one of the most unusual premium books we have ever offered -- something really different -- and I would be delighted to send you your free copy along with your subscription. Please use the card now, though -- our supply of books is strictly limited, and I am not at all sure that we can repeat this offer.

WFBJr.

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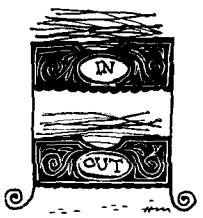
story already, knowing in different worlds Tattile, now in his eighties, and Mamile, darting, hovering, protecting, and the child now a woman and mother, mistress of the castle: sundered, and other essential *dramatis personae* sundered from them likewise: knowing them in life, I marveled at the artistry that withheld from the reader all but what the child knew at that point in the narrative, and yet was sharp and vivid, scene after scene.

I FORESAW that the publisher would ruin this effect. The publisher has. His blurb commences blatantly by prating of "the strange heritage of Mary de Rachewiltz, only daughter of Ezra Pound."

Which of course prompts irrelevant curiosities. The reader would be less than human not to indulge them. That is *Ezra Pound*, marvels the reader a touch condescendingly, who is taking small Mary to those Tarzan films, and to *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* (which they sat through more than once, entranced). And now watch Pound's mania for saving the world grow on him. . . . It's like the knowledge that a nude scene is coming, a racing prurience, unsettling to the attention: a prurience she scrupulously didn't pander to, in composing a book that deserves to be read as a novel.



Well, the publisher is entitled to reply, how do you expect us to sell books?—in the voice of such complications as wreck any dream. Dreams—this is the real theme of *Discretions*—do not simply collide with realities. Dreams subsist, but are nagged at, frayed, by complications. The author's life, despite these seemingly intolerable strains, despite her father's melodramatic fate, has not been smashed, far from it; but greatly frayed, as that blurb frays her book's intention.

Fraying, that's not a merchantable theme. The publisher also wanted an upbeat ending. His letter was worrying her; I think that's part of the reason she let me read the typescript. She had ended with an anecdote as strong as myth, to balance the Gais folk-myth the book opened with. Come, said the publisher, take it a stage further; take it to where your father was freed from the Washington madhouse, and returned to Italy, and the family was reunited, and all was resolved. . . . ("But," Mary said, "it was only when he returned that everything started to fall apart.") Thus a complication she learned of only very late was that in another town father had a wife, not her mother, who in turn had a son. In retrospect it illuminated much. But to hold all that together, finally, all that and more, surpassed human strength.

Still, this book is not the typescript I read. She's reconsidered many details, and carried the narrative a whole chapter farther, right down to the moment when Tattile and Mamile withdrew into their own life. The last sentence is for a wried fairy-tale: "And ever since, he and Mamile have been taking care of each other." He is very silent now.

Well, the publisher's dream is frayed too. He didn't get the Look-We-Have-Come-Through he was angling for. He got a better book than appears on most lists even once a season. How it will strike the complete outsider I cannot guess; that impassioned reticence, that urge not to divulge, makes it almost hermetic in places. My judgment is that the style carries it continually.

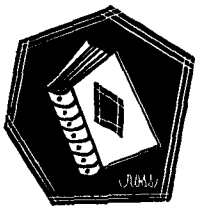
At the castle, translating, arranging, conversing, she tends the pieces of her father's great dream, the work in which he "tried to write Paradise." There's a fine photograph on the back of the jacket. You can see in it the persistent heritage that forced her own book into existence, a book made scrupulously like his of facts, only of facts, selected facts. Under braided hair, modified by a stubborn feminine nose, we see Ezra Pound's profile: the brow, the mouth. □

Willmoore Kendall Contra Mundum
By Willmoore Kendall, edited by Nellie D. Kendall
Arlington, 640 pp., $11.95

DIFFICULT, SINGULAR AND LEGENDARY

LEO PAUL S. DE ALVAREZ

Willmoore Kendall's students at the University of Dallas used to refer to him as "St. Willmoore"—a name he delighted in for he claimed that he was indeed too good for this world. Willmoore did not, of course, fit the popular notion of saintliness and piety (I know of no man of whom it could have been more truly said: "When he was good, he was very, very good/ But when he was bad, he was horrid"), but he had in him the relentless quality of the saint. In a way, Willmoore *was* too good for this world. He demanded of it—of his students, of his colleagues, and of his friends—an inflexible fidelity to principles he believed to be good and true.



There was in him a painful yearning for the unadulterated and pure that made him rage at the world as he found it. Perhaps it was this quality in him that led him to what he believed was the most uncompromising form of Christianity. The title of this collection of his articles, speeches and reviews is thus in many ways an apt title indeed.

Kendall's death at the age of 59 removed from us one of the very few contemporary interpreters of the American political tradition from whom one can truly learn. He rescued an understanding of America that had been almost completely forgotten and, because he was also one of the few true teachers of the past two decades, he forced the academicians of this land to a reluctant remembrance of what they had chosen to ignore in the hope that it might silently pass away.

His conservatism was unique. It was typical of the man that he struck out alone to form his own vision of America, a vision that no one else who called himself a conservative seemed to share. The essential principle of his conservatism was a belief in the virtue of the American people and, as a corollary, he refused to share in the pessimism of many conservatives who saw only a steady degeneration in the capacity of today's Americans to govern themselves. The American people, he never tired of saying, continued to live the tradition "in their hips."

In that phrase is the key to what he thought was the true source of the intellectual perplexity about their political order that the American people obviously showed. For "to feel in one's hips" is not the same as "to know" and this gap between *doxa* and *episteme* was, as he put it in one of his best pieces of political analysis, the source of the "two majorities" in American politics: one majority seeking to revolutionize American political order by transforming it into a modern nation-state in the image of Machiavelli and Hobbes; the other stubbornly preserv-

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ing and continuing that peculiarly successful and peculiarly complex republic established in 1789.

KENDALL'S AMERICA was the America of the silent people. The image that Burke used for the British people fits Kendall's view of America. The British people, Burke said, were like oxen grazing in the meadow; large and silent, they fill the meadow with their bulk. But it is the invisible crickets who fill the air with their incessant chirping. So it was with America—the chirping of the intellectuals was everywhere but the silent people went on about their usual business. It was an America he knew from birth, for he was born of Kentucky stock in a small town called Konowa in Oklahoma. His father, a blind Methodist minister of remarkable intellectual and rhetorical powers, was constantly on the move, serving one small town after another and it was in the closed societies of these towns that he always said that he learned his fundamental lessons about American politics.

But there is an interesting difficulty at the center of Kendall's thought. For in reading through the admonitions he constantly delivered to his fellow conservatives (e.g., his incomplete chapter on "The Benevolent Sage of Mecosta"), Kendall makes it plain that one of the grave defects of at least a part of modern conservatism is its dependence on tradition and not on reason. Kendall seems to indicate on the one hand that a people is formed not by reason but by tradition, and yet on the other hand he clearly indicates also the weakness of such a reliance on tradition. Traditions, he declares, are not equal and must be judged by the standards of reason.

Perhaps nowhere is Kendall more difficult than in his interpretation of *The Federalist*. He did "burn votive lamps" before *The Federalist*, if by that it is meant that he believed the central meaning of America was to be found there. But his understanding of the American political tradition is precisely anti-Federalist, that is, almost exactly the opposite of what *The Federalist* teaches. Where, for example, *The Federalist* says almost nothing about virtue in the sense of shaping men's character into a certain habit of soul, Kendall makes the shaping of character central to the American experience. And again, where *The Federalist* deliberately seeks to weaken the influence of local communities upon the people, Kendall emphasizes the importance of local communities as the main agents in the formation of the character of the people.

It is almost as if Kendall loved *The Federalist* as a political theorist, but loved perhaps in an even deeper way the closed societies of his boyhood with all their prejudices and with their American distrust of theoretical things. And the difficulty in dealing with Kendall may be due to the fact that we may be dealing with three men: Kendall the American, Kendall the political philosopher, and Kendall the conservative—each Kendall in some way connected with the other Kendalls but also contradicting the other Kendalls.

The richness and complexity of this difficult, singular and legendary man are here present in this book. When one reads Kendall, one is made to consider the first principles not only of American political order but of all political order. And that is almost the best thing that one can say of a book. □

A Fool for a Client
By Roy Cohn
Hawthorn, 192 pp., $6.95

A CONSERVATIVE'S CIVIL LIBERTIES

M. STANTON EVANS

The breakdown of civil order in America has had many deleterious effects, frequently deplored in the pages of this magazine.

One result of our rampant criminality requires, however, much closer attention from conservatives than it has yet received. This is the fact that fear of crime and anarchy has created a popular willingness to accept almost any kind of government program advanced on the pretext of effective law enforcement. Sizable appropriations of federal money, data banks, preventive detention, and augmented use of wiretapping are among the more obvious examples.

Conservatives whose legitimate concern for law and order has led them to support such notions might do well to ponder the case of Roy Cohn, prosecutor of the Rosenbergs and one-time aide to the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy. In the present volume Cohn discusses his own six-year ordeal at the hands of government officials charged with deploying this type of legal machinery. His story suggests the manner in which enormous powers heaped up for the supposed purpose of catching criminals can be used for the harassment of noncriminal dissenters, including conservatives.

A Fool for a Client is a detailed examination of two bizarre trials in which Cohn, former prosecutor and Senate investigator, stood himself arraigned on criminal charges (and was on both occasions unanimously acquitted). The book is a mixture of financial intrigue, complex legal issues and political infighting. Cohn contends the indictments were the result of a vendetta waged against him by U.S. Attorney Robert Morgenthau and the late Robert Kennedy, Attorney General at the time of the first indictment. Morgenthau is the son of former Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, whose World War II decision to turn U. S. currency plates over to the Soviets Cohn had been instrumental in exposing. Kennedy and Cohn had served together on the McCarthy committee and there conceived a durable antagonism toward one another. Kennedy and Morgenthau were close political allies, and Cohn adduces considerable evidence to support his charge that they were out to "get" him.

SUCH SPECULATION draws credence from the fact that Kennedy, at least, had set out in similar fashion to "get" labor chieftain Jimmy Hoffa, and that his agents had done the same for State Department official Otto Otepka. And what is not speculation at all is that the methods used by Kennedy and his operatives were in all three cases of a type to chill the freedoms of his political adversaries. One interesting parallel between the Cohn and Hoffa trials, for example, is that both men were subjected beforehand to denunciatory articles in *Life*—prepared, as Cohn shows at length, with the assistance and/or at the instigation of Kennedy.

Just as there was a "Hoffa squad" (three hundred people, according to Ralph de Toledano), so was there a "Cohn squad." This consisted in the first instance of ten special agents of the Internal Revenue Service, working exclusively on Cohn. During the course

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of litigation, seven assistant U. S. attorneys were at one point or another assigned to the case. Add to this the efforts of two staff members of the Securities and Exchange Commission, the exertions of several FBI agents, and, of course, the labors of Morgenthau and his staff. Cohn estimates as well that more than a thousand witnesses were brought in to testify against him before grand juries. The cost to the taxpayers of all this Cohn puts at around $2 million.

THE AUTHOR, for his part, sustained a financial loss of $400,000—the direct cost of fighting the charges against him. This does not count business reverses through impounding of funds, time lost from his profession, the effects of harmful publicity, or the disruption of financial relationships. Cohn charges that "Morgenthau destroyed just about every banking relationship I had. He had banks furnishing copies of checks I issued on an almost daily basis. To avoid the nuisance, the banks would close the accounts. I had a loan at a bank secured by stock-market collateral. Morgenthau subpoenaed the president of the bank and directed him to produce the collateral. When he did, it was physically taken from him and impounded."

Cohn believes his phone was tapped (a charge again made plausible by the Hoffa and Otepka cases), and it is known he was the victim of a long-running "mail cover," in which his correspondence was routinely intercepted and turned over to Morgenthau and to Internal Revenue. The charges against him were based on the testimony of "accomplice witnesses," people involved in illicit activity who received leniency after testifying that Cohn was also involved. In some instances, Cohn proves the charges were outright fabrications. In all instances they were disbelieved by two separate juries.

Based on this experience, Cohn has an understandable distaste for indiscriminate wiretaps and other big-government devices. Which is not to suggest he is lacking in zeal for law enforcement. It is to suggest his quite reasonable view that civil peace depends more on seeing the guilty sentenced and caused to serve out their terms according to the regular procedures of the law than on creating extraordinary powers which may be used against anyone and everyone in our society. □

MYSTERIES

Doom's Caravan
By Geoffrey Household
Atlantic-Little, Brown, 241 pp., $5.95

Rat Race
By Dick Francis
Harper, 214 pp., $5.95

The Lovely Ladies
By Nicolas Freeling
Harper, 250 pp., $5.95

THE LAST INDIVIDUALISTS

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

The mystery-suspense novel may be the last literary refuge of the individualist. Geoffrey Household and Dick Francis are primarily storytellers. Nicolas Freeling is more a manners novelist. But the three have one thing in common: at their best they create strong central characters who stand apart from a conformist century, scrutinize its often petty concerns, and act always according to their own best instincts.

Because Geoffrey Household has been writing first-rate suspense fiction for over three decades, it's difficult to single out any one of his books for special praise. Many of his admirers vote for *Rogue Male* (1939), the story of an English aristocrat's attempt to stalk and shoot a Fascist dictator modeled on Hitler. Others choose *Fellow Passenger* (1955), as good a comedy of manners as it is a chase novel. My favorite is *Watcher in the Shadows* (1960), a tightly crafted work that includes all the important ingredients of the genre. The protagonist's life is threatened because of his undercover role in World War II, a role he played reluctantly (man *v.* contemporary society); he is hunted across an English countryside which Household, like Stevenson and Buchan, seems always able to bring alive (man *v.* nature); he fights a brilliantly described duel and, despite nearly fatal wounds, wins it (man *v.* his physical limitations).

Watcher in the Shadows ends with an affirmation of the central theme of all successful suspense novels: the only code worth living by is a code anchored in a strongly held concept of individual honor.

The narrator in *Doom's Caravan*, mulling over the defection of a fellow intelligence officer, sums it up: "His utter folly was to sacrifice everything for honor. . . . The word, I've been told, is obsolete. . . . And yet, you know, the conception is still around among youth, though I am not sure of their name for it. What they dislike is the idea of a binding contract with society; the spoken contract between one individual and another is perfectly familiar to them. And I shall go on calling the force behind it Honor. Probably those half-educated sociologists have some vast jargon ending in -ism, but two stern syllables which go back to the Roman Republic are good enough for you and me."

Because its plot is overly complex and because the central character never quite comes into focus, *Doom's Caravan* isn't one of Household's better efforts. But he's a prolific writer, and given his track record, the odds are for another good one next year.

Dick Francis, a former British steeplechase jockey, has built each of his ten novels around racetrack settings.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ OUT NEXT MONTH: Victor Navasky deserts humor for *Kennedy Justice*, a survey of Bobby's regime in the Justice Department (Atheneum, $10). . . . *Who Owns America?* cries Walter Hickel, from the heart (Prentice-Hall, $6.95). . . . Hy Kraft devotes a slice of his autobiography, *On My Way to the Theatre*, to a tirade against HCUA for blacklisting him and his comrades (Macmillan, $7.95).

Storm Jameson's philosophy of art appears as *Parthian Words* (Harper, $6). . . . *The Best of Sport* is an anthology from 25 years of that magazine (Viking, $10). . . . Malamud's new novel, *The Tenants*, is about racial confrontation in Manhattan (Farrar, $6.95).

■ CATCHING THEM YOUNG. Always in the vanguard, America's publishers are readying Dick and Jane for the revolution. Among the season's juveniles, Macmillan offers Richard Suskind's *By Bullet, Bomb and Dagger*, a child's garden of anarchism (Oct., $4.95). . . . Random House weighs in with Roberta Strauss Feuerlicht's *America's Reign of Terror*, a book about the bad old days after World War I when we rounded up bomb-throwers ($4.95). . . . *Dynamite!* by Donald Honig is a novel about three teen-agers who side with a soldier jailed for "dissent" by the repressive Army (Putnam, $4.75). . . . Doubleday has Hans Koningsberger's *The Future of Che Guevara* ($3.95).

■ OCTOBER BOOKS. Three psychologists and a social scientist offer the thesis that the Western mind is not superior to the primitive mind. Their book, *The Cultural Context of Learning and Thinking*, may rank as Exhibit A (Basic, $10). From the same publisher, Philip W. Powell challenges Anglo-Saxon anti-Spanish propaganda (the "Black Legend") in *Tree of Hate* ($8.95). . . . Jerome Tuccille tells how he became a libertarian anarchist in *It Usually Begins with Ayn Rand* (Stein & Day, $6.95).

For the bibliophile who has everything, Mary Gilliatt offers *Bathrooms*. Never fear, it's illustrated (Viking, $12.95). . . . Harvard-trained attorney Norman Macbeth carves up a sacred cow in *Darwin Retried: An Appeal to Reason* (Gambit, $6.95). . . . Tommy Bolt retails locker-room gossip about bigtime golf in *The Hole Truth* (Lippincott, $5.95).

■ REVISIONISTS. Now that every writer and his cousin are in hot pursuit of what they confidently expect will be the Untold Story of Vietnam, two publishers are hoping that the new curiosity will work its way back to World War II. Devin-Adair is reissuing Adm. Robert Theobald's *The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor* and Capt. Russell Grenfell's *Unconditional Hatred*. Regnery is reprinting Charles C. Tansill's *Back Door to War*.

This may sound a bit limited, but Francis always brings it off. As Heywood Hale Broun puts it: "For those who love racing he is a master storyteller, and for those who couldn't care less he is a master storyteller."

In the previous novels, Francis' heroes have been stoic individualists, fighting against a universe that seems determined to reward evil and penalize good. This struggle both defines the characters and makes the novels exciting and thematically significant. There's something lacking in *Rat Race*, however. Matt Shore, the protagonist, just doesn't try hard enough. One of the characteristics of a Francis hero is the ability to transcend his physical limitations, to push himself beyond accepted boundaries of pain and endurance. But Shore seems oddly passive, too ready to rely on luck rather than determination.

There are good things in *Rat Race*: Shore, a pilot who ferries race goers from one meet to another, does some exciting flying; there's a bomb plot and a murder plot; and, as in all Francis novels, there's an appealing, no-nonsense girl, the type Nevil Shute used to draw so well. But because the best of Francis invariably depends upon the strength of his central character, and because Short falls short, the advice, as in the case of Household, is to wait for next year. And in the meantime, if you haven't done so already, read the earlier ones, especially *Nerve*, *Odds Against*, *Dead Cert* and *Forfeit*.

The Lovely Ladies is Nicolas Freeling's twelfth novel, and his best. There's the customary picture of everyday life in Holland, where most of his works are set (this one features a side-trip to Dublin); the descriptions of food (Freeling was once a chef); the realistic characterization of women and the common-sensical treatment of sex. But best of all is Inspector Van der Valk of the Amsterdam police force, a cranky, gentle, bumbling, brilliant, nonconformist student of human behavior whose primary concern is why rather than how crimes are committed. Van der Valk cares little for the standards of behavior imposed on him by a rigidly conformist Dutch society, and the pleasure in reading a Freeling novel comes largely from the often-comic contrast between artificial social demands and the personal code of conduct and point of view of a man who makes his own judgments. Van der Valk doesn't always live up to his code. But he tries.

Freeling, Francis and Household are different novelists, yet they share certain attitudes, among them a strong sense of self, a detached and ironical view of social forms and institutions, a belief in the need for unshakable personal moral codes, and a faith in the primacy of the individual. Not particularly fashionable views, and mystery-suspense fiction remains one of the few places where they are unashamedly expressed. □

Frederic Bastiat: A Man Alone
By George Charles Roche III
Arlington, 256 pp., $6.95

CLAIRVOYANT ON THE WELFARE STATE

MARY BENNETT PETERSON

In terms of economic interventionism and political legerdemain, the France of Frederic Bastiat (1801-1850) was not unlike the America of today. Wrote Bastiat, economist and a deputy in the French Assembly:

> . . . the government offers to cure all the ills of mankind. It promises to restore commerce, make agriculture prosperous, expand industry, encourage arts and letters, wipe out poverty, etc. etc. All that is needed is to create some new government agencies and to pay a few more bureaucrats.

Bastiat was also, clearly, a conservative, libertarian and, in the words of his biographer, "a man alone," a voice in the wilderness of government omnipotence. He declared:

> The state too is subject to the Malthusian law. It tends to expand in proportion to its means of existence and to live beyond its means, and these are, in the last analysis, nothing but the substance of the people. Woe to the people that cannot limit the sphere of action of the state: Freedom, private enterprise, wealth, happiness, independence, personal dignity, all vanish.

Bastiat's life spanned the stormy regimes of Napoleon, Louis XVIII, Charles X, Louis Philippe (the "Citizen King") and President Louis Napoleon Bonaparte (later Napoleon III). Fred-

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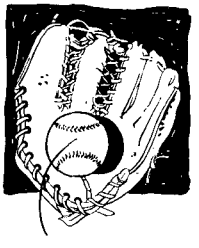
eric Bastiat studied history and knew economics. He held liberty and heavy government expenditures to be incompatible. He asked:

> Try to imagine a system of labor imposed by force that is not a violation of liberty, a transfer of wealth imposed by force that is not a violation of property rights. If you cannot do so, then you must agree that the law cannot organize labor and industry without organizing injustice.

On government finance in the welfare state, Bastiat commented:

> When a nation is burdened with taxes, nothing is more difficult, or as I would say, impossible, than to levy them equally. The statisticians and fiscal authorities no longer even try to do so. What is still more difficult, however, is to shift the tax burden onto the shoulders of the rich. The state can have an abundance of money only by taking from everyone and especially from the masses.

But probably the two insights for which Bastiat is best remembered are, in his words, "the seen and the unseen" and "legalized plunder." The first has been memorialized in Henry Hazlitt's *Economics in One Lesson*. Does government spending, for example, stimulate the economy? The effects which are seen would seem to prove that it does. But the effects which are unseen mean that government cannot spend the money which it does not take from the taxpayer in one form or another, including inflation.



On "legalized plunder," Bastiat wrote: wrote:

> In a country where no law may be voted and no tax may be levied save with the consent of those whom the law is to govern and upon whom the tax is to fall, the public can be robbed only if it is first deceived. Our ignorance is the raw material of every extortion that is practiced upon us, and we may be certain beforehand that every sophism is the precursor of an act of plunder. My friends, when you detect a sophism in a petition, get a good grip on your wallet, for you may be sure that this is what the petitioners are aiming at.

George Roche of the Foundation for Economic Education and incoming president of Hillsdale College has done his job well in presenting the first full-length biography of Bastiat in English.

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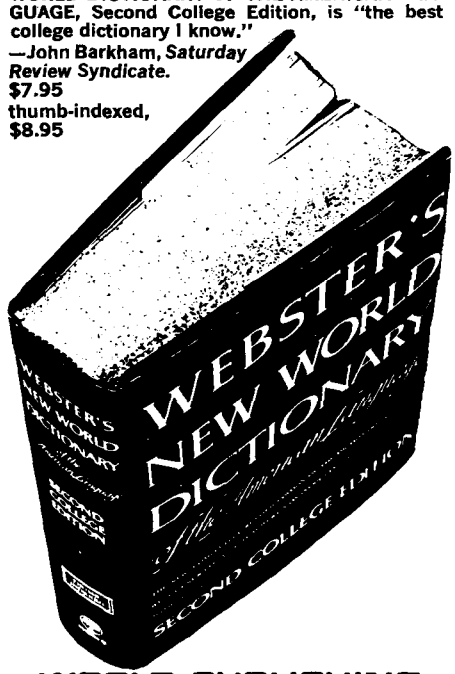

WORLD PUBLISHING
TIMES MIRROR

He stresses Bastiat's thesis that the proper domain of law and governments is justice. He brings out Bastiat's pro-freedom role in the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848. He recalls Bastiat's play with the protectionist's call to ban the "foreign competition" of the sun. He delineates, in sum, an extraordinary philosopher and lonely legislator who said at the end of his all too brief life:

> I have not made an alliance with anyone; I have not joined either side. On each question, I have voted according to my own conscience. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE AMERICAN INDIAN: PAST AND PRESENT, *Edited by Roger L. Nichols and George R. Adams (Xerox, 295 pp., $3.95)*. Now that every conceivable book on any facet of the Negro experience in America has finally appeared to glut the market, it's time for other hitherto-ignored minorities to be "treated" to death. We are presently girding our loins for the red rage—American Indians, that is—and might just as well settle back and count on a few dreary years of the Noble Savage bit. Professors Nichols and Adams, to their credit, have edited a well-balanced collection of essays on the American Indian which, while it won't bring unalloyed glee to the hearts of the newly hopeful Red Studies specialists, should do very nicely for the rest of us. Oliver La Farge presents the "Myths That Hide the American Indian," including some tribes' well-developed systems of slavery and fiendishly enjoyed sadism. The late Felix Cohen's superb twenty-year-old essay, "Americanizing the White Man," undogmatically demonstrates some of the many truly notable achievements of the original Americans, including what we should remember but rarely do, the great importance of Indian medicine: quinine, cocaine, ipecac, witch hazel, petroleum jelly, oil of wintergreen and many more. William Willis' splendid 1963 article from the *Journal of Negro History*, "Divide and Rule: Red, White, and Black in the Southeast," details the ways whites played off Indians against Negroes and vice versa. Most of the two dozen essays are of high quality, although the last "Alcatraz," written by Rupert Costo in 1970—probably included to be (ugh) Relevant—is unintentionally embarrassing. Although understandably emotional about the present lot of his people, Mr. Costo speaks so enthusiastically of the Indian takeover of Alcatraz that his piece becomes laughable in light of the recent discovery of the wanton destruction his co-ethnics left behind on that rock in San Francisco Bay. *Sic transit gloria Tonto.*

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

THE BLIND SIDE, *by Francis Clifford (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 243 pp., $6.95)*. In this one, Clifford, who has written fourteen novels, puts it all together. Like all fine suspense novels, *The Blind Side* is something more than just a collection of chase scenes. Father Richard Lawrence, a Catholic priest, loses his arm in Biafra and returns to England to discover that his brother Howard, a high-ranking naval officer, is selling secrets to the Russians. As the pattern of betrayal unfolds, the center of attention becomes the psychology and motivation of the defector as analyzed by Richard, the priest. Throughout the book, the priest's standards are ours, but with the final act of unwitting betrayal, we suddenly find ourselves questioning these standards, and especially the intensity with which the priest holds to them. In retrospect we realize that what draws men to the priesthood can often be the converse of what draws men to Communism. Like Graham Greene's early thrillers, *The Blind Side* is a first-rate psychological novel.

J. R. COYNE JR.

DIVIDING THE WEALTH, *by Howard E. Kershner (Devin-Adair, 165 pp., $2.25 paper)*. In a good book not without flaws, Kershner traces the brief history of economic freedom in America and the following government intervention and restrictions. A bit simplistically, he pins the blame for freedom's reversals on a 1905 speech by socialist Daniel De Leon. Calling it "the hoax that changed history," Kershner carefully documents the errors in De Leon's assertion that labor receives only 20 per cent of manufactured wealth. Kershner lays heavy emphasis on the need for constant capital generation in any industrial society and praises savers and investors as the heroes of productive society. The back-to-nature freaks will be happy to learn that if they succeed and ". . . if decapitalization were to take place . . . mankind would revert to an agrarian form of society." Kershner has good chapters on profits, the causes and cures of depressions and unemployment, but he needs to read Friedman on the role of an expanding money supply in a growing economy. The greatest fault of the book, however, lies in its lack of clear premises on which to base the expressed philosophy. Without spelling out his own reasoning as a devout Christian, Kershner tries to tie capitalism to Jesus, thereby forever excluding from the pro-capitalist ranks all nonbelievers in this country and around the world. Nor does he attempt to come to grips with the fact that for centuries people have advocated all forms of collectivism in the name of God. With all of these shortcomings in mind, the book does offer some valuable information and would be a good companion to *Economics in One Lesson* for the discriminating reader sure of his own premises.

D. B. DUVAL

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Arts & Manners

FILM

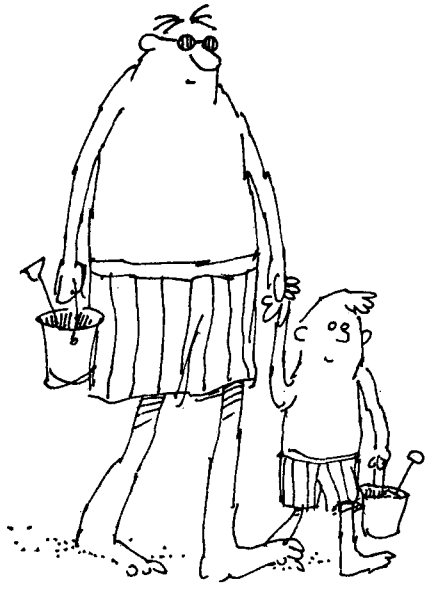
DAVID BRUDNOY

42nd Street on the Lido

Luchino Visconti's *Death in Venice* is bitterly disappointing. Visconti, who did some striking although showoffy things with *The Damned* and *Rocco and His Brothers*, here had one of the great novellas of the twentieth century with which to work: Thomas Mann's 1913 tale of European decadence symbolized by a poignant human story set in the context of a plague-infested Venice. Much has been made by other film critics of the notion that Visconti blatantized that which Mann had but subtly suggested, but that criticism is neither accurate nor very compelling, at least to me. Mann's story is lushly written and at one point most explicit—even more so than the movie—in showing the aging protagonist fallen deeply, hopelessly in love with the fourteen-year-old Polish boy. Furthermore, it is not the liberties per se that Visconti has taken with the book which have so hurt the film. Mann's *D in V* is not Holy Writ, and slavish devotion to it is not at all what I am suggesting when I mention my disappointment with the film as film.

The story, briefly, is this: Gustave von Aschenbach, a composer modeled on Mahler (Mann's book had him a writer), having suffered popular abuse and the recent death of his young daughter, goes south to Italy to take the air. But Venice's air is clogged with a sirocco, a hot, stifling, heavy, mist-like atmosphere. Staying at the voluptuously Edwardian Hôtel des Bains on the Lido, Aschenbach notices among his fellow guests an elegant Polish woman, her daughters, governess and strikingly beautiful son, Tadzio. Days of sitting on the Lido beach watching Tadzio romp with his handsome friends awakens in Aschenbach a previously unrealized craving.

At the same time, Asian cholera has hit Venice. Though the authorities conceal that fact for fear of ruining the Lido tourist trade, Aschenbach discovers the truth and is warned to flee. Yet he cannot bear to be without the sight of Tadzio, to whom he has never spoken (and never does), nor does he tell the Polish lady to take her family and go. The day that the Poles, still unaware of the plague, prepare to leave the Lido, Aschenbach, who has just had his hair dyed and his face powdered and painted in a fruitless attempt to



recapture the bloom of youth, dies of cholera in his beach chair, the black hair dye streaking hideously down his feverish cheek.

If *Death in Venice* were merely bad (badly acted or directed or photographed or scored or whatever), one could dismiss it airily, or have fun being devilishly clever dissecting its badness. But it reaches high and attains much that is very good indeed. Visconti has hauntingly scored the film with Mahler's music, especially the exquisite adagietto of the Fifth Symphony. The color is superb, as are the sets and Piero Tosi's costumes; in fact, the whole look and feel of the picture is as fine as anything since the Japanese *Gate of Hell* of the early 1950s. Pasquale de Santis' photography, I'm quite sure, will be showered with awards. The languid pace of the movie is perfect, or would be were it not that Visconti has filled too much of it with repetitious shots of the lovely Tadzio looking like a very special, very young little hustler on 42nd Street trying to turn on the old johns. And that suggests the film's problem. Visconti does not err by trying to say something interesting about the many faces of homosexuality, but he's done it in a way that diminishes the complex human factors and plays up the stylized ritual cruise.

Within this beautiful-to-behold film, its veneers so polished, so alluring, Visconti has placed a squalid tale and played it for all its worth. He has culled from Dirk Bogarde a superlative performance as Aschenbach, the fussy old closet queen. Bogarde is, quite simply, fantastic, but Aschenbach is simply pathetic. Young Bjorn Andresen makes a wonderful tease, but one who, we feel, is accomplished at seduction. As a Lolito-in-training, Tadzio is just another sexy kid on the make, whereas had Visconti accentuated his innocence and downplayed the other factor, thus lending some mystery to the boy's behavior, our compassion for Aschenbach would be elicited and our interest in their unconsummated relationship sustained. For all its surface charm and despite Visconti's half-assed attempts to make Meaningful Statements through awkward flashback arguments about Beauty, between Aschenbach and his pupil Alfred (symbolizing Schoenberg), *Death in Venice* emerges as a ho-hummer about late-middle-aged coming out. It is not tragedy, but misfortune; not reflection-inducing, but mildly soporific; not a serious investigation of late-blooming gayness, but rather a high-fashion exploitation drag, a Camp, in other words.

BRIEFLY: Jack Nicholson's first directorial stint, *Drive, He Said*, is a sickie that makes *Easy Rider* (in which Nicholson acted) seem like *Bambi*. In one scene, *Drive* will drive people with delicate stomachs out of the theater with the heaves. Before that, it's just one of your average stories about an All-American basketball player, his hot-to-trot girl (wife of a professor friend), his roommate who flips while contemplating the draft and runs around naked

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for what seems like nine hours, liberating mice, snakes, roaches, chameleons and other creepy crawly things, and assorted short subjects. ¶ *Shaft* is filmdom's first Negro private eye, or at least the first to come on as sex-throttled as Bond, as cool as Flint, and as appealing as Stepin Fetchit. The story is inane, the dialogue jejune, the violence unremitting and dull *à la fois*. Better "Amos and Andy Meet Rochester, Fats Domino and Jane Fonda at the Zoo"; believe me, better that than *Shaft*. ¶ If neither of these, nor *Death in Venice*, propels you into your VW and out to the movies, let me recommend Woody Allen's *Bananas*, the funniest film since *Z*. The story of nebbish Fielding Mellish's attempts to wow his girl by becoming a revolutionist in a Latin American banana republic gets off to a bang-up start when *ABC's Wide World of Sports* covers the president's assassination. It goes up and downhill from there. You'll be in the aisles for about twenty of its eighty minutes; most of the rest is at least fun. □

DELECTATIONS

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Isabella Lives!

The *Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management* that belonged to my grandmother is the 1880 edition, the same year as her marriage and probably a wedding present. I don't suppose any English bride started out in life then without that familiar green-bound volume. My mother, inheriting it, used it as a cookbook all her years. About a third of a century ago it fell apart and had to be rebound. Even in its uncharacteristic buckram cover it is today in rather shabby condition, the elaborate title page gone, the others worn at the edges from constant thumbing.

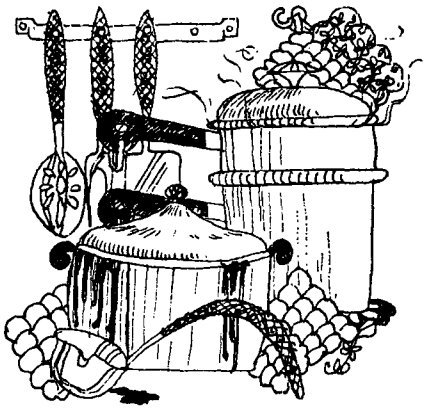
Isabella Beeton's was not the first English cookbook, but it was the first aimed at the middle class, the first with a do-it-yourself approach. "Nothing," she wrote, "is to go into the book untried." Hers was also the first cookbook with an index, the first to include details of housekeeping and "all the *other* parts of making and keeping a comfortable home." Eclipsing all its predecessors, it contained 1,139 pages, over a half-million words. Later the publishers added a 157-page Appendix and twelve ornate color plates.

As a child I used to pore over those pictures, fascinated by the geometrical arrangements of roast pheasants, the epergnes top-heavy with fruits and jellies, the calf's head on a platter surrounded by mushrooms, the ham and the tongue each trimmed with frilled paper collars and set off with a rose, fillets of beef like *chevaux de frise*. One particularly vivid picture had garnished prawns upright on their platter in a pathetic line like the oysters in *Alice in Wonderland*.

Household Management's 46 chapters begin with "The Mistress," "Arrangement and Economy of the Kitchen," an "Introduction to Cookery," and then move on to the culinary headings of soups, fish, sauces, beef, lamb, pork, veal, poultry, game, vegetables, "General Observations on Preserves, Confectionery, Ices, Dessert Dishes," and "Observations on Freezing Apparatus" where the author recommends the "pleasant and easy amusement of making ices by Mr. Ashe's Patent Piston Freezing Machine."

Mrs. Beeton has included everything from managing maids to ten ways of cooking potatoes (without boiling them) and the proper way to prepare ortolans. She lists more than a hundred soups. She prescribes menus for large families when food was cheap, guests frequent and calories unknown. When, for example, she draws up a bill of fare for a picnic, she envisions forty persons. Even so, one wonders how the valiant forty could have got through the following in the course of the most Jamesian summer afternoon:

> A joint of cold roast beef, a joint of cold boiled beef, 2 ribs of lamb, 2 shoulders of lamb, 4 roast fowls, 2 roast ducks, 1 ham, 1 tongue, 2 veal-and-ham pies, 2 pigeon pies, 6 medium-sized lobsters, 1 piece of collared calf's head, 18 lettuces, 6 baskets of salad, 6 cucumbers. Stewed fruit well sweetened and put into glass bottles well corked; 3 or 4 dozen plain pastry biscuits to eat with the stewed fruit, 2 dozen fruit turnovers, 4 dozen cheese cakes, 2 cold cabinet puddings in moulds, 2 blanc-manges in moulds, a few jam puffs, 1 large cold Christmas pudding (this must be good), a few baskets of fresh fruit, 3 dozen plain biscuits, a piece of cheese, 6 pounds of butter, 4 quartern loaves of household bread, 3 dozen rolls, 6 loaves of tin bread (for tea), 2 plain plum cakes, 2 pound cakes, 2 sponge cakes, a tin of mixed biscuits, ½ pound of tea.



Not to be forgotten were:

> a stick of horseradish, a bottle of mint sauce well corked, a bottle of salad dressing, a bottle of vinegar, made mustard, pepper, salt, good oil, and pounded sugar. If it can be managed, take a little ice. It is scarcely necessary to say that plates, tumblers, wine-glasses, knives, forks, and spoons must not be forgotten; also teacups and saucers, 3 or 4 teapots, some lump sugar, and milk, if this last-named article cannot be obtained in the neighborhood. Take 3 corkscrews.

Those corkscrews would certainly be needed for

> 3 dozen quart bottles of ale, packed in hampers; ginger-beer, soda-water, and lemonade, of each 2 dozen bottles; 6 bottles of sherry, 6 bottles of claret, champagne at discretion, and any other light wine that may be preferred, and 2 bottles of brandy. Water can usually be obtained, so it is useless to take it.

Mrs. Beeton is very durable on soups, building on the solid foundation of three kinds of stocks: rich strong; medium; and economical. I have always been intrigued by her sago soup, "very Beneficial for the Voice," known as "à la Cantatrice" and recommended by "the celebrated Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind." But it is Soup Number Four of the Appendix that has haunted me over the years, "another good and economical soup (excellent for giving to the poor)," made with "the head or half-head of an ox . . . simmered all day."

I had always supposed Mrs. Beeton to have been a formidable Victorian dowager with decades of housewifery behind her. Not until her biography by her grandniece Nancy Spain appeared in 1948 did I find out how wrong I had been. For Mrs. Beeton was a slim and charming young woman who had finished her great work before she was twenty-five. Her picture is in the National Portrait Galley. As the wife of an ingenious publisher of boys' and

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women's magazines, she had conceived her opus when scarcely more than a bride and completed it in three years while bringing two children into the world. She died of puerperal fever in 1865 in her 29th year after the birth of her fourth child. Her *Book of Household Management*, never out of print, has been constantly brought up to date in innumerable editions. Although much of my grandmother's edition with its advice on the management of servants, what to do whilst awaiting the doctor, and its dinners for eighteen persons, has more sociological than practical interest today, my mother always used it as a working cookbook. From it she derived her locally celebrated mincemeat, laced with brandy and sherry, which she made in batches of sufficient strength and quantity to last five years.

I am as intimately familiar with Mrs. Beeton's "Rich Bride or Christening Cake," since I had one made for my own wedding. "These cakes," Mrs. Beeton noted, "are usually spread with a thick layer of almond icing, and over that a layer of sugar icing." Unfortunately I had to have this recipe translated into Polish for a baker who knew no English, and he applied the icing *before* the cake was baked. The result was a mottled surface on which one could have skated. I suspect it put many a guest's teeth on edge, though nobody said anything. □

OBJECTIONS

JOHN C. OTTINGER

Where Is Prof. Greet?

People . . . believe what they hear on television, right down to the pronunciation of every last little tricky word. The networks are aware that they are considered phonetically omniscient. . . . CBS goes to the most trouble to be infallible. It is the only network to have a speech consultant; he is Cabell Greet, a 68-year-old professor of English at Columbia and Barnard.

—Joan Walker, *New York Times*, Sunday, August 3, 1969

I had been listening to CBS for many years and found it anything but "phonetically omniscient." After reading Miss Walker's article, I started listening even more carefully. The more I listened, the more I wondered about Professor Greet. The other day, I finally got around to checking.

CBS reports that Dr. Greet is retired and "nobody that we know of," says a pleasant female voice from 765-4321, has taken his place. What his contribution was is unclear; what is continuingly clear is that somebody should be watching CBS' language.

Today, the CBS-TV standard is a far cry from radio's so-called Golden Era, when the voice of broadcasting, at its best, set a standard of language to which students of English could repair with confidence. TV's influence on the national mores, linguistic and other, is of course incomparably greater. How well is the linguistic part of the stewardship being discharged, with or without Dr. Greet?

Starting at the top, we have Walter Cronkite persistently referring to the "Artic" and "Antartic" and convincing ten million kids that that's how they are best pronounced. Or, as in the late spring dollar crisis, referring to the London bullion market as if it dealt in soup instead of in gold.

The Great Anchorman doesn't do much better with German, either. Back in November, "Lebensraum" came out unmistakably "Leebensrawm."

Despite Professor Greet's reported devotion to phonetic perfection, especially in the pronunciation of place names and foreign words ("KIGH-roe Is the One in Egypt" was the title of Miss Walker's article, iterating what even Illinois sixth-graders should know), they seem to remain a CBS problem-area.

When death came to *le grand Charles* last fall, not only did most CBS voices miscall him, as usual, "de Gawl." (That time NBC did CBS one better when Garrick Utley, on the scene, inadvertently and phonetically erected ten extra churches in tiny Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises by pronouncing "deux" precisely like "douze." Utley had a bit of grammar trouble, too, on that occasion, referring to "the grave of he who . . .")

The pronouncing errors go on and on, popping up as frequently in common nouns and adjectives as in surnames and place names. Morton Dean, from Saigon, speaks of the "de-PRAY-vity" of certain Vietnamese. To Terry Drinkwater, on the Coast, it's "con-nos-SOOR." Marvin Kalb, reporting from Washington on the case of the Pentagon Papers, refers to "AFF-iants."

COMPETENT reporter though he is, WCBS-TV's current star newsman Jim Jensen nevertheless contributes more gaffes to my notes than almost anyone I've been following. I first started paying him rather special attention a long while ago when he called the well-known northern Westchester suburb "Chap-PAY-qua." His latest, in the geographic department was "Great BAHR-ing-ton" (Mass.). But of all his peccadillos, I find most puzzling the fact that he seems to think "consul" is a typographical error. Invariably, it comes out "counsel."

Perhaps the most amusing of all CBS' bloopers are the persistent redundancies. Back in May, Marie McLaughlin, of the Washington bureau, was discussing with a congressman his "fellow colleagues." (Not long before, incidentally, she was describing some of the "momentos" in the Eisenhower Room in Blair House.) Also during May, WCBS-TV's Vic Miles tripped up with "thousands of square acres," and Rolland Smith, also of New York's "phonetically omniscient" Channel 2, came up smiling with "the Kill Van Kull River." (Smith, in the pronouncing category, scored a few days later by dropping the final "se" from "vichyssoise" in the story of the botulism scare.)

It can hardly be denied that precision in language and precision in thought and its communication have an immutable relationship. Care of the language may be a minor part of a medium's claim to integrity, but it is nevertheless an indispensable part. After all, as Miss Walker's piece in the *Times* pointed out, "if a newscaster says 'KIGH-roe' for the town in Illinois, a certain amount of the precious believability goes out the window." □

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SZAMUELY
(Continued from page 927)

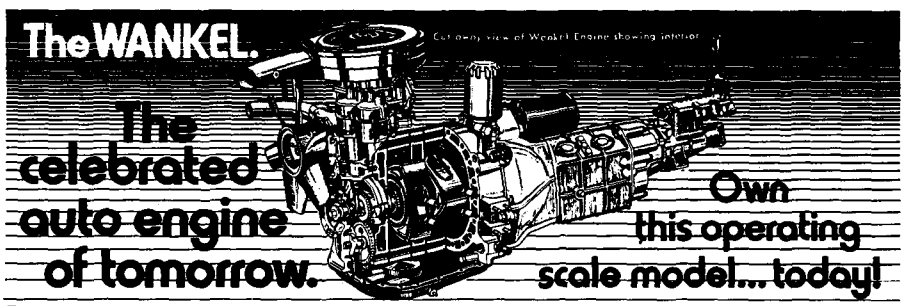
The Left once stood for the self-determination of nations. No longer: not only are the East European countries enslaved by Russia denied this right, but even African nations (e.g., Biafra) seeking to achieve independence from alien black rule. U Thant himself, the archpriest of the UN—that embodiment of left-wing ideals, that modern Holy Alliance dedicated to the preservation of the dictatorial status quo—has officially abrogated the right of any non-European people to secede from an alien non-European oppressor.

The Left demands the abolition of capital punishment at home—yet every regime it supports upholds and broadens the scope of the death penalty. The Left once stood for the freedom of speech—today the danger to free speech comes exclusively from the Left: the disruption of meetings and lectures, the passing of Race Relations Acts, the banning of speakers for their political views and so on.

In order to get away with its gigantic deception and to retain the now meaningless political labels, the Left resorts to deliberate falsification. Thus, the progressive reformers and revolutionaries of Communist Eastern Europe, the Imre Nagys, the Dubceks and their followers, invariably known in their own countries as rightists (which by any rational definition, they clearly are), are always called leftists by the Western liberal press. Why? Thus, the Kennedy brothers, both murdered by men of known left-wing views and associations, are incessantly referred to as victims of right-wing terrorists. Why is this?

The reasons, I believe, are clear. Left and Right no longer exist. As a result of its voluntary alignment with totalitarian Communism the Left, whether it likes it or not, has become the ally and supporter of tyranny, violence, unfreedom, illiberalism. The humanitarian liberal values passed on to us by our forefathers are now being upheld—and can only be upheld—by the traditional Right, unassociated as it is with totalitarianism.

The world has changed beyond recognition, and with it the old political divisions. Tyranny now calls itself freedom: no honest person, however wedded to past concepts, should let himself be deceived. Today the great demarcation line is that between democracy and totalitarianism. Everything else is unimportant. □



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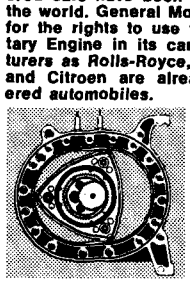

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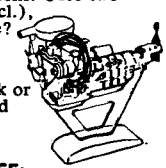

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BROGAN

(Continued from page 930)

Wilson was saying that which was not so.

Harold Wilson is not a man to tolerate any imputation on the shining honesty of his speech and thought. He showed his deep resentment at a specially convened meeting of Labor delegates representing every element in the party. The anti-Marketeers didn't think it was a good speech, the pro-Marketeers thought it was terrible. It was stuffed with highly selective quotations to feed his mania for self-justification. But it did contain an open attack on certain Marketeers who were accused of irresponsibility. No names were mentioned but Michael Stewart and George Thompson were plainly the targets.

The next move came from Roy Jenkins. He made a very strong and very able speech to the Labor MPs, asserting that nobody who favored the Market in principle could possibly reject the terms offered. His speech was rapturously applauded by the pro-Market men largely because it was on the subject of the Great Debate. Bringing the Common Market into a debate on the Common Market is regarded by Wilson as indulging in personalities, and the applause sent his ready danger signals flashing and buzzing, for he saw it as an attack on his position as Leader.

He lost his cool and made a speech to the next parliamentary meeting. He poured the vials of his wrath on the anti-Marketeers who were causing trouble, but vials were not big enough for his wrath with the pro-Marketeers. He said that some low fellows had secured an early copy of his conference speech and had given it to the Tory press with blistering comments. They were men who had been appointed to the Front Bench by Wilson himself, and if that was their attitude he wondered how they could bring themselves to sit beside him.

If you wanted to put a name on the men he so fiercely attacked, there were six possible. They demanded a meeting with Wilson and challenged him to name names and to sack the men concerned. Harold explained it was all a mistake, a misunderstanding and they were free to speak in favor of the Market provided of course that they did not introduce personalities, that is, arguments. The political entertainer and the cunning operator had become a bore who kept hitting himself on the thumb.

When you talk about political miscalculations the mind immediately runs to Richard Crossman. Crossman is a brilliantly engaging figure. He is an academic highbrow with a great taste for speculative discussion and is the soul of indiscretion. His reputation may be gauged by a story of the years before Labor came to office. Pursuing his favorite occupation of hypothetical argument Dick Crossman invited a trade-union MP to imagine himself prime minister and decide what office he would offer Crossman. "None" was the firm and final answer. Genuinely surprised and curious, Crossman asked why: "Because you can't keep your bloody mouth shut."

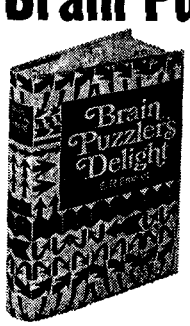
This judgment was evidently not shared by Wilson, for Crossman held high office all through his administration. As soon as the election was over Crossman became editor of the *New Statesman* and opened his bloody mouth with a freedom that made his colleagues feel that if nothing but the fell hand of Death would silence him, there was much to be said for the Final Solution. Secrets of the innermost counsels of the party were spread out to view like bargains at a jumble sale. He cast himself as Aaron holding up the right arm of Moses Wilson. He advised the most uncandid courses with the most shattering candor. Even Harold Wilson must have winced when he heard Dick Crossman say that something must be done about his "sagging credibility." It was the remark of an all too candid friend.

But where else was poor Wilson to turn when he saw Jim Callaghan stabbing him in the back and Roy Jenkins (in his view) stabbing him in the front? The sternly consistent anti-Marketeers must regard his wriggling with as much distaste as the pro-Marketeers. And now the fickle public is showing signs of another change. The government is conducting a huge campaign of brainwashing that is already having an effect. Harold Wilson may soon discover that he has forfeited respect to placate a public that has changed its mind.

In a way this is a pity, for Wilson the private man is a much nicer person than Wilson the public performer. He is quite unpompous and friendly to all people who cannot possibly be suspected of trying to pinch his job. He is capable of doing acts of kindness for no other reason than kindliness.

He no doubt feels genuinely maligned, for he cannot see that others don't accept his view that political principles are for perorations and have no other use or meaning. □

Brain Puzzler's Delight



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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

SENATOR NORRIS COTTON:

Newsletter

As long as politicians and editors excuse violence on the ridiculous assumption that this nation oppresses its people, as long as court decisions hamper investigations, judges turn habitual criminals loose, and police are degraded and harassed, violence and destruction will thrive.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 904)

try statement from Hanoi has attacked the "many vicious [American] moves to divide the socialist countries with a view to pressuring the Vietnamese people into accepting [U.S.] terms."

CONSTANCE PLEXMAN

Kowloon, Hong Kong

I believe I am a rather practical conservative. I was therefore surprised when the group of former Nixon supporters issued a statement to the effect that they, being unhappy with President Nixon's China overtures, plan to be ready to oppose his primary bids and 1972 nomination. I think this is short-sighted and premature. We have been and are being subjected to the ravings of the frenzied McCloskey, and now the former Administration supporters plan to do the same sort of thing. Really, as Senator Goldwater said, the alternatives could be much worse.

Isn't life one long series of sensible compromises? I have only one fear in these negotiations with Red China and that is a deep concern for Taiwan's status. I believe President Nixon will not make any move that will in any way jeopardize Taiwan's standing. But since no one really knows what President Nixon and Chou will discuss, why jump the gun?

Oxford, Pa. DOROTHY OGDEN

Perfectly Clear?

In your editor's note ["Letters," July 27] admitting that you fumbled a *Human Events* news item, you have quite possibly come up with some new misinformation. You mention a report that Mr. Lowenstein may run for his old House seat and Mr. Moose is described as having written speeches for President Eisenhower.

It appears that you are getting James Lowenstein and Richard Moose (Fulbright committee staffers) confused with Allard Lowenstein (former congressman) and Malcolm Moos (former Ike speechwriter). What gives with your staffwork?

Bellmawr, N.J. MELVYN JAMES SUPLEE

Allard Lowenstein, reached by telephone, confirms that he is not James Lowenstein, except insofar as he reaches similar conclusions on the subject of Vietnam. Moreover, he never signed the Moos Report, though he admits that his silence on the matter gave an ambiguous impression.—ED.

Mailer v. Greenway

John Greenway's review of Norman Mailer's *The Prisoner of Sex* [July 27] is both unfair and inaccurate. It is unfair because the reviewer uses most of his space to indulge in an ad hominem attack on Mailer. He makes no effort to subject the book under review to a critical examination. Since he refuses to review the book, Greenway's three or four sentences describing *The Prisoner of Sex* are inaccurate. Mailer's book is more than an attack on Kate Millett, and more than an "appreciation" of Henry Miller. Kate Millett provides him with a *terminus a quo* for what develops into an ambitious attempt to grapple with larger questions (in his own words): ". . . the family, the child and the political shape of the future, technology and human conception, waste and abortion. . . ." Indeed, Mailer writes, ". . . the themes of his life had gathered here."

Greenway is too busy denouncing Mailer's "filthiness" and indulging his dislike for people like Justice Douglas and Linus Pauling to give *The Prisoner of Sex* a serious review. Such a review might well conclude that, despite his ludicrously exhibitionistic prose, Mailer has some important things to say. He discusses Kate Millett's critiques of Henry Miller, D. H. Lawrence, Jean Genet and himself. Especially in his discussion of Lawrence, he transcends mere rebuttal of Millett's distortions and engages in perceptive, persuasive literary criticism. He also comes to some surprising conclusions in his quest to free sex from technology and politics. Woman, for him, is closer than man can ever be to the infinite mystery of creation; woman is man's "indispensable and only connection to the future."

Much of Mailer's thought, and even more of his language, is muddled. But *The Prisoner of Sex* deserves a careful reading, if only to rebut Greenway's characterization of the author as "the little twit" trying to get others to "look at his dirty pictures." Mailer is a man trying to find his way out of the amoral labyrinth of modern secularist society. He may yet succeed.

Brooklyn, N.Y. JOHN W. MAHON

Mr. Greenway's review of Norman Mailer's most recent contribution to the already heavily polluted stream of American literature was a delight all the way—I even chuckled aloud at the concluding paragraph, a rare accolade from me.

However, the nit-picker in me refuses to allow Mailer credit for the three-letter substitute for the formerly forbidden four-letter word. John Steinbeck used it first.

Wallkill, N.Y. T. R. GALLAGHER

Correction

Your "For the Record" column [July 27] had an erroneous item stating that IBM is expected to announce the relocation of its main operations from New York City.

The fact is that the company has no current plans to relocate any New York operations and will continue to maintain substantial sales, service, education and other activities in the city.

We would appreciate your bringing this denial of the rumor to the attention of your readers.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Secretary of State Marches on

On The Right

New York, Aug. 12—Concerning Mr. Rogers' statement announcing our decision to support Red China's entry into the United Nations, a few observations:

1. The President is pledged to "stand by our friends," which means in this case Nationalist China (hereinafter, Taiwan), and Mr. Rogers did not disappoint us insofar as he announced that the United States would support a two-China policy, i.e., one seat (the major seat: the one that takes with it a seat in the Security Council) for Red China, a second seat for Taiwan. Moreover, it was quickly explained that the United States would vote to consider the exclusion of Taiwan as an "important question," requiring a two-thirds vote of the General Assembly.

Now the Taiwanese have all along said that they will not sit in New York alongside the Red Chinese, and vice versa. We must assume that the Red Chinese have modified their position at least to the point of permitting a general discussion of the matter in the chancelleries of the world with a backdrop of silence, not counting its perfunctory refusal to engage in a discussion of the matter right now.

On the other hand, we do not know what Red China proposes to do at the end of the line. If the UN votes to give her the China seat on the Security Council, and the Taiwanese agree however grudgingly to stay in the UN, will Red China go along? Or would she, at that point, turn her back on the UN as she has historically promised to do?

By the same token, Taiwan would need to reverse a previous pledge, should it decide to accept Red Chinese incorporation by the UN. There will no doubt be great pressures put on Taiwan to be reasonable—or will there?

It is clear that the objective of the Nixon Administration, at this point, is détente with Red China. If we have reason to believe that Red China will be ultimately intransigent, then there is reason to put less than total pressure on Taiwan. In other words, there is official reason to hope, however surreptitiously, that Taiwan will indeed walk out of the UN, leaving moot the question of kicking her out. That way, the U.S. Government would have put up a public fight for her old friend, and, lugubriously, lost; because of our friend's obduracy. And Red China would coast in having won the day.

The thing to look for, obviously, is the kind of pressure being put on Taiwan. It won't be readily visible. But with the senators nowadays giving us blow-by-blow accounts of what even the CIA is doing in the area, we should get a fair idea, before long, what it is that the United States really desires Taiwan to do. If we really desire Taiwan out, that means that, at Peking, Chou En-lai did not give Henry Kissinger even one one-hundredth of a bloom.

2. Mr. Rogers' rhetoric is, really, truly unguarded. He said exactly what one would have expected him to say about the universality of the United Nations etc. etc. He even said: "In October 1969, President Nixon said with regard to Latin America that 'we must deal realistically with governments . . . as they are.' " Okay, so why haven't we recognized Castro's Cuba? Those who say that Mr. Nixon's position on China as taken over the years has obviously matured into the current belief in universality of membership will have to cope with the extremely sharp rejoinder given by Mr. Nixon to a questioner during his appearance before the American Society of Newspaper Editors last spring who wondered why, post ping-pong, we don't recognize Castro Cuba. But we saw then the very same Mr. Nixon whose lips once spoke the lines, "What was really at stake was that admitting Red China to the United Nations would be mockery of the provisions of the charter which limits its membership to 'peace-loving nations.' And what was most disturbing was that it would give respectability to the Communist regime, which would immensely increase its power and prestige in Asia and probably irreparably weaken the non-Communist governments in the area."

Why didn't Secretary Rogers select a rhetoric which would acknowledge these positions, and explain the logical evolution from position *a* to position *z*? After all, he is a very good lawyer, and must have defended difficult situations before. Or it is that he has always guarded against defending impossible theses? Preferring simply to ignore them? □

PROFESSOR SCHLESINGER'S FOREIGN POLICY

London, August 18—Mr. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. has written a provocative essay in the current *Harper's* the gist of which is that the "amorality of foreign affairs" is "necessary," the fringe benefits of which are that Arthur Schlesinger had the right position toward the Vietnam war all along: i.e., when he was for it, everyone should have been; when he turned against it, so should everyone else have done. This in a piece that ridicules an emphasis on public morality—but never mind.

It is an interesting essay, full of interesting quotations and anecdotes, my favorite of which is one that tells of the dilemma faced by President Kennedy when he felt the need to resume the testing of nuclear bombs, the Soviet Union having broken the tacit agreement to suspend testing. A delegate from the World Council of Churches, which had recently urged the President to continue the moratorium notwithstanding what the Russians had done, was seated next to JFK, and was carried away by Presidential arguments on the imperatives of national security. " 'Mr. President, if you do resume tests, how can we help you?' Kennedy turned to him and said"—in the account of Mr. Schlesinger— " 'Perhaps you shouldn't.' " Mr. Schlesinger comments: "Not all statesmen thus recognize the value of separating ultimate from immediate considerations and of preserving ideals in a world of distasteful compromise; if more did, the world would be spared much trouble."

Unfortunately, Mr. Schlesinger's intricate partisanship, so distracting in a historian, deprives his essay of the force it might have had. For instance, having

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carefully traced the foolishness of foreign policies that are based on "morality"—a demonstration conservatives would find it hard to disagree with—one has the feeling that he is called to attention by the Committee on Impending Liberal Heresy, so he finds himself saying that yes, there *are* immoralities around the world, or inchoately there, against which only a foreign policy based on morality is really justifiable. "Modern weapons technology has notably enlarged the number of problems demanding moral priority, for the nuclear bomb, the ICBM and MIRV, by virtue of their unimaginable powers of indiscriminate destruction, have gone far beyond the limits of prudential decision. Still other essentially moral problems arise when civilized values of tolerance and human dignity are menaced by powerful armed fanaticism whose victory would abolish intellectual and civil freedom. I have in mind such movements as Nazism and Stalinism."

You will note, by carefully studying these sentences, that the fashionable evils on the liberal shopping list are all there, down to and including MIRV. Professor Schlesinger is careful not even to drop genocide into the list, lest we draw the conclusion that a "moral" foreign policy is justified, in order to stand in the way of genocide, say, in China. Indeed, he is so careful as to run the risk of literary and historical inelegance. Thus we are summoned to wage a moralistic foreign policy against any recrudescence of Nazism. But its horrible counterpart is conveniently taxonomized under the moribund term Stalinism. Mr. Schlesinger doesn't ask us, and possibly hasn't asked himself, whether "Maoism" and "Stalinism" are morally distinguishable.

How does Mr. Schlesinger, as keeper of the eternal flame, get around the difficulties posed by President Kennedy's flamboyant moralisms? Well, class, it's easy. Kennedy was murdered—"while he was still in the process of giving American foreign policy new precision and restraint. With his successors, moralism triumphed."

Mr. Schlesinger goes on to quote statements from a speech delivered by President Johnson in 1965, from which the historian recoils as though hit by a truck. In fact, the two statements of Johnson are exact paraphrases of sentiments uttered by John Kennedy in his inaugural address, concerning which Arthur Schlesinger was to utter no reservations at the time; indeed, nobody did, to speak of. Which reduces the whole of Mr. Schlesinger's elaborate exercise to this:

In foreign affairs, there is often a difference between prudent and moral policies. Except when moral policies transcend prudential considerations. If you wonder when that has happened, call Professor Schlesinger. □

THE GREEK DRAMA

London, Aug. 22 — The vote by the House to strip Greece of $118 million in military aid asserts the continuing intellectual disarray of our foreign policymakers. It goes without saying that anyone who asks himself: Who voted to suspend aid, who voted to give it, could compose his answers—without cheating—by listing the anti-Greeks from among those congressmen most enthusiastic about our détente with Red China. It is not exaggerating to suppose that if a motion were made to pass along the money to Red China instead of Greece, a substantial vote in favor of the measure would be cast precisely by those who castigate the Colonels for their undemocratic practices.

It is true that in many countries we dispense "military aid" because it is simpler to do than to dispense mere aid. Easier to get by Congress. Easier, in general, to transact. So that many have become accustomed to the notion that military aid is just plain "aid"; that the Greeks have now been punished by being deprived of power plants, or rolling stock, or fertilizer. But in fact the Greek military commitment is very real. It is the easternmost member of NATO, and an associate member of the Common Market. It was Greece through which the Russians struck the first post-war salient. We won that one, thanks largely to the defection of Yugoslavia which at a critical point closed the border to the Soviets' provisioning of the insurrectionists. Even so there was a bloody war. Greece has been for the whole of this century a bloody forum for democracy. There have been eight successful coups, three civil wars: and the menace of Communism hangs over the country, and may be imminent if, after Tito dies, the Russians elect to extend the Brezhnev Doctrine to occupy Yugoslavia. If they do, and go on to threaten Greece, the moment of truth will have arrived.

Concerning the internal situation in Greece, it is plainly a fact that Colonel Papadopoulos has found ruling without a parliament, and with a constitution kept in the locker, for inspection by political scientists of professional curiosity, altogether comfortable. He appears to be in no hurry at all to implement the provisions of the constitution, notwithstanding that he went to great pains to have it ratified over a year ago. Paradoxically, he is not in a position to plead, in extenuation, that unruly elements within Greece prevent him from restoring a measure of liberty. In fact, although there are pockets of resistance in Athens, the Colonel is, one gathers, enormously popular. I say this because not long ago when the Greek soccer team beat the Yugoslav team the Athenian multitudes, carried away with the delight of it all, stormed the Colonel's heavily guarded residence, easily overwhelmed the guards, and carried Papadopoulos on their shoulders through the streets of Athens.

Granted, the demonstration is no certification of Papadopoulos' virtue. There was a day when the multitudes would have thus handled Mussolini and Hitler, and certainly Perón. But it is true about the Colonel that he does not stand out on the stage as a spectacular bad man. Nobody puts at a figure in excess of three thousand the political prisoners he keeps, and the irony is that they are, by general understanding, fewer than those who were imprisoned by his parliamentary predecessors.

But the point is that there are fewer and fewer bases for the stability of the Mediterranean, and Greece is one of them—perhaps an irreplaceable one. We have in the Mediterranean a fleet which is generally considered to be indispensable to the security of the area. And without Greece, the usefulness of the fleet is gravely impaired. These arguments will no doubt strike the moralists as evasive of the moral point, and that indeed is what they are, unless one agrees that there is a larger moral point to be made in defense of the preservation of such freedoms as survive in the Mediterranean.

In any event, the action by the House of Representatives underscores the failure of Congress to understand the importance of keeping out of the way of internal arrangements of other countries. Senator Fulbright put it very well a few years ago when he said that the United States, notwithstanding how noxious it finds the domestic policies of a particular nation, has no special quarrel with that nation unless it undertakes to export its government. Greece is not attempting any such thing. We, by our negative action, are attempting to export our own forms of government to Greece. Granted we think them superior—on this point I am myself far more emphatic than the gentlemen who voted against Greece—but we are not in a position to know the internal Greek situation. So that, not even to save $118 million (nobody cares about the economy), we are re-establishing our position as a Wilsonian moralist. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What carrying an unsharpened pencil would be — 33 67 42 170 161 19 9 77 128

B. The best in any field of sport, U. S. — 47 1 8 61 96 176 107 124 143 148 159

C. Not well executed — 69 4 13 17 46 150 185 55 62 135 156 164 174

D. Part of a football or basketball game — 145 5 122 63 117 154 86 127 72 109

E. A tennis stroke in which the ball is hit the moment it bounces from the ground — 40 80 115 18 24 35 146 151 186 57

F. Affected refusal — 123 149 157 189 44 126 78 184

G. A current of water — 131 144 49 83 90 101 134 155 180 187

H. To warrant, attest, confirm — 139 20 45 82 100

I. A town in the Netherlands, W. of Breda — 2 15 29 41 48

J. An employee who keeps the grounds neat — 167 97 6 38 89 105 114 130 54 64 79

K. A department of France — 175 111 119 43 30

L. Idiomorphic — 183 21 118 95 7 92 138 31

M. In France, the chief town, or seat of local government, of an administrative district — 51 137 32 84 182 22 116 169

N. A black variety of hard rubber — 59 68 166 76 25 129 50

O. The author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* — 23 39 52 60 74

P. A defensive football player who lines up farthest behind line of scrimmage — 71 102 10 140 165 132 53 152 81

Q. Part of a baseball game — 75 56 103 177 120 191

R. A city in Johnson County, Kansas — 85 26 158 153 34 106

S. The president of Union College, 1804-1866 — 98 12 160 188

T. A silky-white No. American perennial herb with opposite oval leaves and profuse umbels of purple-green flowers — 104 58 3 173 70 73 88 136 11 99 112 121 125

U. Pure and refreshing air — 133 16 142 36 108

V. The chief justice of the U. S., 1910-1921 — 172 94 14 110 37

W. The creator of the comic *They'll Do It Every Time!* — 87 179 141 27 171

X. Freedom from constraint or conventionality — 91 147 162 178 65 168 190

Y. To let out secrets — 93 181 66 113 163 28

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 946 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

	1 B	2 I	3 T	4 C	5 D	6 J	7 L		8 B	9 A	10 P	11 T	12 S	13 C	14 V	15 I	16 U
	17 C	18 E		19 A	20 H	21 L	22 M	23 O	24 E	25 N	26 R	27 W	28 Y		29 I	30 K	31 L
32 M	33 A	34 R	35 E	36 U	37 V	38 J		39 O	40 E	41 I		42 A	43 K	44 F	45 H	46 C	47 B
48 I	49 G	50 N		51 M	52 O	53 P	54 J	55 C	56 Q	57 E		58 T	59 N		60 O	61 B	62 C
63 D	64 J	65 X		66 Y	67 A		68 N	69 C	70 T		71 P	72 D	73 T	74 O		75 Q	76 N
77 A	78 F	79 J	80 E	81 P	82 H	83 G		84 M	85 R	86 D		87 W	88 T	89 J		90 G	91 X
92 L		93 Y	94 V	95 L		96 B	97 J	98 S		99 T	100H	101G		102P	103Q	104T	105J
106R	107B	108U	109D		110V	111K	112T		113Y	114J	115E	116M	117D	118L	119K	120Q	121T
	122D	123F	124B	125T		126F	127D	128A	129N	130J	131G		132P	133U	134G	135C	136T
	137M	138L	139H	140P		141W	142U		143B	144G	145D	146E		147X	148B	149F	150C
	151E	152P	153R	154D	155G		156C		157F	158R	159B	160S		161A	162X	163Y	164C
	165P	166N		167J	168X	169M		170A	171W	172V		173T	174C	175K	176B		177Q
178X		179W		180G	181Y	182M	183L	184F		185C	186E	187G	188S	189F	190X	191Q	

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Can you answer these Liberal bromides about capital punishment?

Unless we can all learn how to answer them, and soon, 199 million decent Americans will stay at the mercy of thugs and their terror.

- ☐ "The death penalty is no deterrent."
- ☐ "The state has no right to take a criminal's life."
- ☐ "Capital punishment is evil because an innocent person's life might be taken."
- ☐ "Criminals should be rehabilitated, not punished."
- ☐ "Poverty causes crime."
- ☐ "Criminals are sick, not evil."
- ☐ "If we give the police more power, we'll end up with a police state."
- ☐ "The desire for vengeance is primitive and immoral."

LAW WITHOUT ORDER

Capital Punishment and the Liberals

by Bernard Lande Cohen

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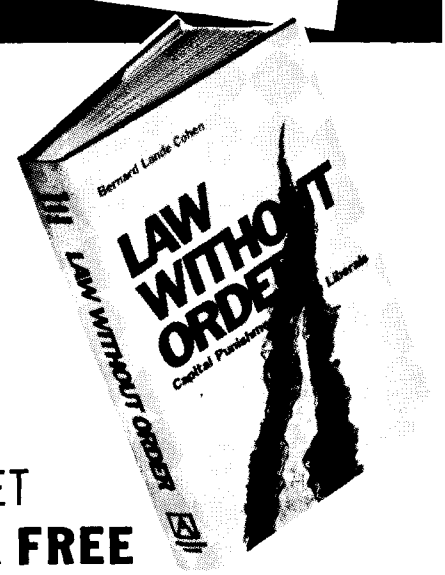

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